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ZION'S HERALD.

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ALONZO S. WEED,
Publishing Agent,
36 BROMFIELD ST., BOSTON.

SUNSET.

BY M. H.

The dull red glow of the sunset
Has faded slowly away,
And I am nearer my journey's end,
By another golden day.

Yes, one more link in the chain of life
For me to-day has been given,
And I know not if another link
Divides my soul from heaven.

As I watched the setting sun,
In his robe of gorgeous hue,
I wondered if heaven were far away,
Though hidden from mortal view.

And I fancied the clouds were rent,
And through their glories were seen
The sea of glass, and the harpers grand,
And the fadeless trees of green.

The great white throne, in dazzling light,
The walls of jasper and gold,
While, gleaming fair in their stately pride,
Were mansions fair to behold;

I heard the arches of heaven ring
With songs of the glad redeemed,
While glorious rays, from the great white throne,
On their spotless garments gleamed;

But, better than glittering gold,
Or songs which my pulses stirred,
Was the form of Christ the Son of God,
Of Jesus, our risen Lord.

But while I gazed, with eager eyes,
The radiant faded away,
And left me only a musing thought,
A vision to cheer to-day;

Yet that brief time a lesson taught
To my heart, in sin and strife,
That ever beyond the clouds of earth
Is a nobler, better life.

Where, if in the lower lands of earth
We're faithful to Christ, our King,
We shall stand at last by the great white throne,
And sing of the ransomed sing.

WANDERINGS IN VACATION.

POOR PREACHERS AND CHURCH DEBTS.

BY REV. GEO. W. WOODRUFF, D. D.

One of the saddest days I have had in a long time foisted itself upon my vacation last month. It was a Sabbath with a broken Church in the West, broken for two reasons:—first, because the people had built a better church than they could afford to have; and then because, in the three critical years which followed their unfortunate venture, they were obliged to carry a minister who read his sermons, and read them too in such a way that, good sermons though they doubtless were, would have killed any congregation on earth.

On this particular Sabbath I heard one of those masterly sermons, a sermon that for logic and beautiful rhetoric and honest Gospel truth was to be greatly commended. There was not a thousand ministers in American Methodism who could prepare a better sermon than this graduate of one of the largest colleges in the country gave us that day; and yet the sermon was given to the people with so little force, and in a manner so thoroughly unimpressive, that it evidently had no more influence upon the congregation than a penny whistle among a thousand drums.

After three years of such work I did not wonder that the hammer of the sheriff was knocking upon the portals of the establishment. I only wonder that sensible laymen will stand such ministries. How that grand old founder of our Church, John Wesley, would have driven such preachers "back to the employments of their youth." I am aware how hard it is for a man who imagines that he is called to preach, and who has given a number of years to the ministry, and to the preparation for it, to be obliged to relinquish the work, and to enter upon some other service; but dissatisfied ministers, and more dissatisfied congregations, all through the country, are raising the question how preachers among us who have no power to win men can be released from the responsibility of positions that they cannot fill. The Churches cannot afford to die, and dull and unenergized ministers must give up their pulpits. I think it is fair to say that our own denomination in this country compares very favorably with the other great Churches of the land in respect to ministerial efficiency; but then, somehow, the other denominations can manage to thrive on what we would starve.

Methodist preachers must strike twelve or fifteen times as hard as other preachers, or our people suffer.

The last Sabbath of my vacation found me in splendid contrast with the first. I worshipped in the congregation of that remarkable man, Mr. Talmage of Brooklyn, and, from the opening doxology of the service to the solemn benediction of the pastor, every thing moved along the line of power. This Brooklyn preacher has stolen our old Methodist thunder, and the people through his Tabernacle, as they would call it, are preachers dared to be as simple and natural. It does not do to say that the Tabernacle preacher is a mountebank and a sensationalist, for the unfair criticism only hurts the critic.

Mr. Talmage is a man filled with down-right Gospel earnestness, with ability to use the plainest English speech, and

WITH COURAGE ENOUGH TO THROW HIMSELF RIGHT AMONG THE PEOPLE; AND HE FILLS HIS CHURCH AT EVERY SERVICE, RAIN OR SHINE, JUST AS OUR OLD-FASHIONED METHODIST PREACHERS THIRTY YEARS AGO USED TO FILL THEIR CHURCHES IN ALL THE LARGE CITIES ON THE ATLANTIC COAST. AS IT IS, WE HAVE NO NOTICEABLE CROWD IN ANY OF OUR CHURCHES, FROM BALTIMORE TO PORTLAND.

In the great cities of New York and Brooklyn we have not a single church whose seating capacity is greatly taxed, while the large majority of the churches are groaning after people that will not come to them. These things are very hard to say, and some of the best men in the land will be provoked and annoyed because they are said; but how can we be dumb and silent when the country is full of preachers who have the heart and brain to turn the world upside down, if they only would?

The solemn truth is that hundreds of Methodist ministers have gone into the naphtha business. They have wrapt their talents up in gentle essays, and thunder like cooling doves. Of course, after saying this, I am very glad to be able to say, truthfully, that our honored denomination has a great army of magnificent preachers, all through the country, that are doing good work for the Master and the people; but the percentage of drones in our hive, or, if not drones, then bees that know not the art of making honey, deserves the thoughtful attention of our chief ministers, and the protesting attention of all the people who love our Zion.

The other reason for that broken Church in the West was the unwise contriving of the brotherhood to worship in a better church than they can afford to have. For twenty thousand dollars the trim little Society in the center of a thriving city could have built a church answering all their needs, and taxing all their available resources. But no; they must take on a ten-thousand-dollar debt upon their backs; and within a year after their flourishing dedication they begin their downward march.

Some of the subscriptions prove unreliable, and some of their bills are higher than they thought they would be. They wonder how they could have been so foolish as to run in debt for stained windows, and an extravagant organ, and expensive fresco; and begin to feel chafed and worried because their sister Societies manifest no willingness to help them, and because their creditors express any wonder at their slackness and insolvency. A ten-thousand-dollar debt in the West means a thousand dollars interest every year; and when the Society is only just able to pay about that amount for the annual salary of the minister, it is any wonder that the additional thousand dollars for interest money so soon disheartens and breaks down the inconsiderate brethren who have involved themselves in the unnecessary outlay?

If these instances of unwise Church debts were few and far between there would be no need to protest against them; but they are so common and alarming that the men of affairs in our Zion must look to them. The great curse of the American Churches to-day is this one of Church debts, until a Church loan is regarded by all sensible men as one of the most unreliable loans that can possibly be effected. There is not a bank in the country that will lend a dollar to a Church, as such. Such loans can only be had when the officers become personally responsible for their repayment. What a dreadful scandal is this upon the character of our Churches, when a Church loan has no standing in the markets of the world! The pretense, that these expensive churches—that is, churches more expensive than the people can afford to pay for, are necessary to attract attention and secure support, is a miserable mistake. The people of this country are to be won to the Church by magnificent Gospel preaching, and not by organ or steeple or fresco. Plain churches, tabernacle in form, with mighty congregational singing, and keen, clear, warm-hearted preaching are to save this country. Where the people are able to build more expensive edifices, where towers, and abutments, and arched windows can be paid for, then each Christian Society must judge for itself how much money can be rightfully put into a temple for worship, the worship of Him who, when He was upon the earth, "knew not where to lay His head;" but when the financial ability of a people is unequal to a scheme for church-building that an unwise preacher or a careless trustee would compel a Society to accept, such feeble Society should find refuge in a healthy public Christian sentiment against such folly. Better that the saints should worship in the barns and fields, as our fathers did, than to drench up the religious juices of the community by inordinate begging, or destroy the character of the Church by failing to pay their honest debts.

The Baptists are making strenuous endeavors to secure for their Southern University, to be located at Jackson, Miss., an endowment of \$500,000.

IN A STUDIO AGAIN.

BY A. S. WEED.

[Continued.]

Among the names around which will linger imperishable lustre is that of Phidias. He was born about 490 B. C., and was a pupil of Ageladas. He executed three statues of Pallas, which were all in the Acropolis in the time of Pausanias. One colossal statue of Pallas was cast in bronze, taken from one tenth of the spoils won on the field of Marathon, for the temple of Minerva, in which she was represented as the guardian deity. Another of his famous statues was made of ivory and gold, and was called the statue of the Parthenon, or Parthenos, the pedestal of which measured 41 1/2 feet. This must have been exceedingly beautiful, as ivory takes a better polish than marble, and looks softer and more brilliant. Over the statue was thrown a garment of gold, beaten, or cast with exquisite skill. It could be put off, at will, and weighed; and eyes were inserted, and probably painted, as was the custom. The goddess stood upright, with the ægis on her breast, and a spear in her hand. Another statue, called very beautiful in its proportions and finish, was purchased by the people of Gennos, and sent to the Acropolis at Athens. Another, by Phidias (the Olympian Jupiter), represented the serene majesty of the King of Heaven, and was ranked for its beauty as one of the seven wonders of the world. The statue represented him as sitting on a throne, with an olive wreath of gold about his temples. It was sculptured in ivory, the upper part of the body being naked. A wide mantle covered the rest of the body, and hung down in richest folds to the feet. The drapery was made of beaten gold. In his right hand stood the goddess Victoria, turning towards the statue, and, like it, was carved out of ivory and gold. In his left hand was a sceptre, and perched upon it was an eagle, symbolizing power and wisdom. It was surrounded with a magnificent drapery, and only drawn aside on special occasions. It is said that "beauty and sublimity characterized his works," and they exhibited a perfection which has never been surpassed, if equaled by other artists. Phidias was also an architect, and during the prosperous days of Pericles Athens was made the most beautiful city of Greece. Under his auspices the Parthenon was made the most beautiful city of Greece. Under his auspices the Parthenon was made the most beautiful city of Greece.

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HIS NEXT MOST FAMOUS WORK WAS THE QUOT THOROW, OR DISCOBOLUS, OF WHICH ALMOST NUMERLESS COPIES HAVE BEEN MADE, AND ARE TO BE SEEN IN ALMOST EVERY ART MUSEUM AT THE PRESENT DAY.

A long list of statues by this artist might be named, but space will only allow of a few of the most noted. Hercules and Apollo, a group consisting of Jupiter, Juno and Hercules at Samos, several Athletes, and a drunken old woman in marble, are among the most famous works of Myron.

Polyclitus was a native of Sicily, or Argos, and was also a pupil of Ageladas, and was at the height of his brilliant career 450 B. C. It is said that he surpassed all other artists except Phidias; and though there was less sublimity in his conceptions, yet in naturalness and beauty he was quite his equal. In competition with Phidias and other artists he won the first prize for a statue of the Amazon. One of his masterpieces in bronze was a young man called Diadumenos, binding his head with a fillet, which was sold for about \$125,000 in our currency. Also Doryphoros, the Spear-Bearer, and a statue called Canon, which was considered a perfect model of the human form.

None, however, were more celebrated than a colossal statue of Juno, in ivory and gold, which adorned the temple near Argos. He was the architect of a "heater at Epidaurus, which some ancient writers say was the most beautiful building of the kind in the world. From Pliny and Cicero we learn that statuary under his genius was brought to perfection. The names of several of his pupils, Canochus, Athenodorus and Phrynon, were among the most prominent of the following generation.

Alexamenes was a favorite pupil of Phidias, and renowned as a sculptor. His most celebrated works were the Olympian Conqueror, Cupid, Mars, and Venus.

About 350 B. C. Scopas had arrived at the zenith of his fame. Among the most noted of his works was his Bacchante, with head bending backwards, and notwithstanding this apparent deformity it united the highest beauty with bacchanal frenzy, a group, called the Triumph of Achilles, whom Thetis is conducting after his death to the happy islands, a chase of the Calydonian boar, and a battle of Telephus with Achilles are among the noted works of his chisel. Scopas, with Praxiteles, elevated art to a high plane of perfection, as they united beauty with grace, and were considered at the head of the later Attic school. It is also claimed that though Phidias excelled others in his idealization of divine majesty and sublimity, Praxiteles was unsurpassed in his delineation of the softer beauties of the human form, and especially of female graces. He made two statues of the goddess Aphrodite, which were the admiration of the world. One was draped, and sold to the inhabitants of Cnoss for an enormous sum; the other was nude, and purchased by the Cnidians. It was so much admired by King Nicomedes that he offered to pay off the entire heavy public debt of the Cnidians if they would sell it to him, but they would not. It was afterwards conveyed to Constantinople, where it was destroyed by a fire.

Lysippus, 325 B. C., became quite noted as a Greek sculptor, and among the first to use brass in statuary. He was a close student of nature, and followed that rather than the works of the masters. He excelled in his representations of particular parts of the body, and especially the hair. He also lessened the size of heads, which by ancient sculptors had been exaggerated, and reduced the body to its natural size. His reputation was such that Alexander included him in his famous edict which conferred on Apelles the sole right of painting his form, and on Lysippus that of executing it in bronze. His works were of great merit, and very numerous. One of them was removed from the bath of Agrippa to the palace of the emperor by order of Tiberius, which so offended the citizens that it nearly caused a sedition. The populace clamored so fiercely that it was replaced. Among his most valuable statues was a man scraping himself in a bath with a strigil; also the head of Alexander, which Nero caused to be covered with gold.

It is evident that Greece not only abounded in artists, but she had an ardent population. Their high appreciation is exhibited in the encouragement they gave them, and the fabulous prices that were paid for works of art. The famous Colossus at Rhodes, cost \$500,000, it is estimated; and a bronze figure of Apollo \$600,000. Zenodorus was engaged ten years on a colossal statue of Mercury, which was made for the city of Avern, in Gaul, at a cost of \$1,500,000.

We have briefly alluded to a few of the great men in one department of art, and the creations of their genius, which contributed so much to add lustre and imperishable glory to Greece. Though her people have degenerated, her language become corrupted, her beautiful

TEMPLES ROBBED BY ROMANS AND TURKS, HER INFLUENCE STILL SURVIVES, IMMORTAL AND "FRESH IN ETERNAL YOUTH."

PAGES FROM A CHAPLAIN'S LOG.

PISA, —, 1875.

Here we are, in this quiet old city, while the ship remains at Spezia, fifty miles away. Travelers do not find much of interest here, but the reason must be that they do not look for it. There are few older cities in Italy than this, and, were it not that the great attractions of Pisa are of such prime importance and passing interest, there would be days spent where we now spend but a few hours.

One must be orthodox, even in sight-seeing, and so there is no way but to take a carriage and drive through the pleasant looking city to the Cathedral, Baptistery, Leaning Tower and Campo Santo. They are all in the same Square, and there are few places in all Europe containing such interesting objects within so small a compass.

Visitors are usually so taken up with the Leaning Tower as to pay but little attention to the Cathedral. It is one of the finest in Italy, both as regards its architecture and decorations. Commenced in 1067, it was finished in 1103, and is built in the form of a Latin cross, of white marble, ornamented with black and variegated stone. It is attractive and imposing, even to the most careless observer, and is said by those conversant with architecture to be a most perfect specimen of the Norman-Tuscan order. The front has four different series of columns, one above the other, the whole forming a facade such as few churches can boast of, even in this land of elegant cathedrals.

Within are no less than sixty-nine Corinthian columns, brought from Greece and Rome when the Pisans, like the Lacedæmonians, were powerful both by land and sea. The walls are adorned with rare paintings, its altars are master-pieces, and its mosaics are by Cimabue. Michael Angelo contributed, of course; no church in Italy is complete without something from him. It may be interesting to remember that the church is 300 feet long and a little more than 100 feet wide.

Going out the front door (which, by the way, is on the back side of the church), the Baptistery is close at hand. The building itself, though of pleasing appearance, would not attract special attention but for its wonderful echo. It is 150 feet in diameter, and 150 feet high (I mean the building, not the echo). If we may trust the inscription, it was begun in 1153, and not finished till 1278; but it is not well to ask too much of one's faith as regards inscriptions. It is crowned with a conical shaped dome, and contains a gallery supported by Corinthian columns. In the centre is the baptismal font, which is almost large enough for the convenience of a Baptist church. Close by is a beautiful pulpit, resting on one of the columns, and supported by seven pillars of different kinds of marble, and ornamented with bas-reliefs by Nicola Pisa. The Pisans regard it so highly as to employ a keeper to guard it, lest some barbarian should batter it all to pieces in quest of relics. But what marks the Baptistery, and makes it of especial interest to every one, is the echo. The moment that is heard all else is forgotten. Two notes, about half an octave apart, it was said, followed by one on a lower key, were sounded by the guide. The echo gave back a strain of rich music, sweeter than that of the grandest organ. So complete is the surprise of the visitor, and so perfect is the echo, that many have thought the sound really came from a concealed organ. No pen can describe it, or the pleasure one takes in listening to it. It is worth going many miles to hear, and one would never tire of it.

Next comes the Campo Santo. It requires study and familiarity with ancient inscriptions to appreciate it. The frescoes, though somewhat celebrated, are in a bad state of preservation, and the most noted are of the Dante-Inferno sort, where serpents and coffins play an all important part. The most interesting fact in connection with this place is in regard to the earth in which the bodies are interred. Fifty-three galleys discharged their cargoes in this sacred spot. The cargoes were sold from the Holy Land. Of course the Pisans had, and still have the most ridiculous ideas about the efficacy of this soil from Mount Calvary. The Fathers of the Church, in speaking of it, differ as to the actual results. Some declare the body placed here decays at once, while others say it will never decay.

Lastly we come to the Leaning Tower. It is much more attractive than one expects to find it. There is no disappointment in its appearance. It is about 150 feet high, and more than 12 feet out of the perpendicular. At the top are six bells, one of which weighs five or six tons. They say this Tower was commenced in 1174, and not finished till 1350. Despite all the mystery which has been thrown around

IT, NO ONE EVER VISITS IT WITHOUT BEING CONVINCED THAT THE INCLINATION WAS A MERE ACCIDENT, AND ALSO THAT THE SAYING SO WILL BE AN ORIGINAL OBSERVATION—A MOST UNFORTUNATE PRESUMPTION. THE TOWER WAS DESIGNED FOR A BELLRY, AND NOTHING ELSE. WHEN IT WAS ABOUT HALF DONE ONE SIDE SETTLED, AND THE WORK ON IT WAS SUSPENDED. WHEN IT WAS RECOMMENCED AN ATTEMPT WAS MADE TO REMEDY THE DEFECT BY MAKING THE ADDITION ON THE LOWER SIDE, SO AS TO BRING IT NEARER THE PERPENDICULAR. IT DOES NOT DETRACT FROM ITS INTEREST IN THE LEAST TO KNOW IT IS THE RESULT OF ACCIDENT RATHER THAN DESIGN. WITHIN THE CHURCH IS THE VERY LAMP WHOSE OSCILLATIONS SUGGESTED THE PENDULUM TO GALILEO, AND IT IS SWINGING NOW AS WHEN THE PHILOSOPHER FIRST SAW IT. BOTH THE CHURCH AND THE TOWER ARE INTIMATELY CONNECTED WITH THE MEMORY OF THE GREAT PHILOSOPHER.

HOWARD.

MISSIONARY INCIDENTS FROM MEXICO.

BY REV. JOHN W. BUTLER.

Even the "dark places" of Mexico are receiving the Gospel. There came recently a Lutheran minister to this city from Sacramento, California. Seeking health, and having a three months' vacation allotted him, he came by the long and slow way of Acapulco. From San Francisco he traveled by the Pacific Mail; from Acapulco to this capital most of the journey was made on horseback. After two or three days of such travel he approached the town of C—, before leaving home he had read, in a book published a few years since, that the place to which he was now coming was about the worst that he could find in all his Mexican travels—that it was a regular "hot-bed of thieves, robbers and cut-throats;" and hence he must be very cautious in what he said, and how he conducted himself. He was particular to explain to his two American traveling companions the "awful facts" of the case, and to warn them to be most careful in saluting, very politely, every person they should pass. Accordingly, to every man, woman or child whom they met all three chimed out, *buenos dias*, or *adios* (good morning, or friends).

Thus they entered the town, hardly daring to call their lives their own, from apprehension of violence in such an ill-famed place. Dismounting, hunger forced them in search of a *fonda*. Quietly passing along one of the streets, they saw, just inside the door of a house, a man sitting in the midst of a small company of people, with a large book open before him, from which he was reading. Can it, thought the minister, be the Book of books? He could not pass without finding out, so, as an excuse for ascertaining the fact, he walked to the door, and said, "Pardon me, but may I trouble you for a glass of water?" While one of the company went to bring the water the minister cautiously remarked, "that is a large book you have there!"

"Yes, sir," the man quietly replied. "But what is the character of the book?" inquired the minister. The poor man seemed confused, and supposing our traveler, from his appearance, to be a clergyman, and perhaps a Romish one, he timidly answered, "it is the Bible."

"Ah, the Bible? I read the Bible," continued the traveler, and these two friends with me also read it. Now, this water that you have just given me is very refreshing; it has done my body a great deal of good; but let me tell you there is a fountain of more valuable water in that Book which you are reading. Drink from it, and it will do your souls infinitely more good than this refreshing water has done my body. There you have the water of eternal life."

The little company at once gladly recognized the evangelical character of their visitors, and rejoiced in their religious sympathy with them. What an influence may yet go out from that Book, even in that place, God only can see. A sermon not soon to be forgotten by them was preached by means of "the cup of cold water." How encouraged too must that little band of Christians have felt themselves by the brief visit of the unknown travelers!

Leaving their newly discovered brethren in their blessed employment, they passed on again in search of the *fonda*, and, stranger still, as they turned the corner of another street they found the sound of singing attracting their attention. It seemed hardly credible, yet the music was familiar; and there, as they stopped to listen, far away from home, away from a Christian land, there, in the heart of Mexico, sweeter than ever before, sounded

"Shall we gather at the river?" Surprised and delighted, they ventured to knock at the door, and on its being opened the minister said, "pardon me, but we heard that beautiful music, and we thought we would like to inquire who were singing it."

"Oh, yes," replied the man who opened the door, "we are having a meeting. Come in!"

They entered, and found a little company gathered together for evangelical worship, by whom they were cordially welcomed. Further conversation brought out the fact that on the very ground so recently baptized by the blood of Christian martyrs they had learned that precious hymn; and though driven from Acapulco by the wild fanaticism of misguided and fanatical religiousists, they did "not forget the song." May we not fondly hope that this little company of worshippers and the American travelers, joined by a multitude of redeemed souls from out this dark corner of the earth, will yet sing together by the side of "the river of life?"

A remarkable significance attaches itself to these two incidents. Away off in this distant part of the country, where the foot of the traveler seldom steps, where no Protestant missionary has ever yet gone to carry the glad tidings—in this place, which the American author so recently declared was the "hot-bed of cut-throats," there was found the open Bible and Christian song! What is more remarkable still is, that this case does not stand alone. Our constant experience powerfully illustrates the value of distributing broadcast throughout this land God's precious Word, together with other religious literature. More than ever it is a wonder to all our missionaries how numerous are the congregations which have grown up, here and there, by means of a single copy of God's Word, or a few religious tracts. Every week we are receiving calls from native Christians, who come from all directions to beg tracts and Bibles, or for a preacher to go and instruct them further in this new way. We received two such calls the past week. One man says, "I have about two hundred people in my congregation. No Christian minister has ever visited us. I alone, with my limited knowledge of religious doctrines and life, have to do all the preaching. Can you give me some tracts, hymn-books and Bibles? And will you not come to visit us, and give us further instruction in the Gospel?" With a small supply of tracts, etc., and our promise to visit them as soon as possible, he left.

Another knock at the door, and another stranger. The substance of his errand is, his brother "is the preacher of a congregation in the State of Queretaro. He wants to know if you will send him some more tracts, and if you cannot come to administer the sacraments. Will you send him authority to do so?"

But these are only illustrations. Such calls are constantly reminding us what a powerful influence our mission press may exert, yea, has already begun to exert in this land. In a note received a day or two since from Brother Dees of Puebla, he says he cannot begin to supply the demands on him for religious literature. And we are all finding out what a general hunger exists for the very thing we are trying to provide through our press.

A leading lawyer of this city remarked to the writer recently, "you have little idea what a wonderful influence your press may exert. There are hundreds of people, even among the wealthy classes here, who sympathize greatly with your work, but who as yet lack courage to allow themselves to be seen in your public congregations. But they will read all you send to their homes."

Here are testimonies for our General Missionary Committee in November. We are to preach to thousands, in their homes or in these distant congregations, through our press, before they attend our churches or come directly under our care. Hence this department of our work ought not to be crippled for want of means. The thousands of practical sermons that it has preached during the short year of its history ought to be increased, and can be to tens of thousands during the year to come.

May the blessing of the Holy Ghost be on this as well as every department of work in our Mexican Mission. Mexico City, September 29, 1875.

GEMS.

THE PROTECTION OF THE CHURCH.

Never were there so many patent endeavors to destroy anything else as there have been to destroy the Church. Other kingdoms and societies of men, which have appeared to be ten times as steady as the Church of God, have been destroyed by a hundredth part of the opposition which the Church of God has met with—which shows that it is God who has been the protector of the Church.—Pres. Edwards.

The grave appears really sweet to me, and I long to lodge my weary bones in it. But oh that God might be glorified. This is the burden of my cry. I know I shall be active as an angel in heaven, and that I shall be stripped of my filthy garments.—D. Brainard.

DOCTRINAL PAPERS.

AN ESSAY

ON "THE SECRET OF PULPIT POWER."

BY REV. L. D. BENTLEY, D.D.

[Concluded.]

Another secret of pulpit power lies in the fact that there has been, and is secret prayer. Jesus prayed while He was being baptized. He went alone to pray. He prayed "all night." He prayed, "being in agony," "with strong crying and tears." He declared to His disciples that secret prayer should be rewarded, answered "openly," and that He would always accompany them in their work. "I will not go unless you go with me." It is familiar as history, and the wonderful sermon that followed. But how often do such events transpire in these days? John Maffitt not only prayed away the prejudices of his host, but secured the assurance from God, about three o'clock in the morning, that He would help him the following day. What a good voice, correct elocution, a splendid physique, the bloom of youth and health, with a classical education, without the power of God? One sermon, "sent down from heaven" by the Holy Ghost, is worth more than all that have been "got up" by mere human skill and wisdom since the commencement of the soul-damning, wickedly popular school-teaching and essay-reading era. Jacob felt and carried the effects of one secret prayer through life, and received the assurance, at the closing of his petition, that he had "power with God and with men." Moses received such an anointing from Jehovah, on one of these secret interviews, that when he returned to preach to the people "the skin of his face" was shining with heavenly lustre, and the multitude, that had been "almost ready to stone" him, now preferred to have him speak to them rather than God himself.

Wesley and Chalmers were not the only men that for years made utter failures in preaching. The number of those that are unsuccessful is fearful, and distressing to contemplate. Only think of souls dropping into eternity, at the rate of at least one for every second of time, and many, if not most of them, *unsaved*, and the professed ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ advocating, as proper and innocent, those recreations, amusements, and habits that would be considered disgraceful and wicked by a converted *Esop* or *Sandwich Islander*. Over sixty millions of dollars were paid into the treasury of the United States during the last two years, received as revenue taxes from the sales of tobacco—money enough to put a copy of the New Testament into the hands of more than eight hundred and fifty millions of sinners, or more than two thirds of all the inhabitants of the world; and yet many are using habitually just as drunkards do rum, this vile, debasing and corrupting agency of the devil, while at the same time they are "indulging a hope of heaven," and in some instances professing to be entirely sanctified. What must be the aggregate, if this amount has been collected as taxes? Enough to pay all the necessary expenses of preaching the Gospel to "all the world," and put the Bible into every family on the face of the earth. "If I do not do anything worse than use tobacco I will risk but what I shall get to heaven," said one of my brethren, whom I was endeavoring to convince, and who had fallen several times through rum. Another, that I have often remonstrated with on account of its use, I have recently buried, he having hanged himself. Rum is doing its awful work, but one of the most eminent physicians that I am acquainted with said, "Mr. Bentley, tobacco is killing, directly, more people than rum." It is useless to ask God to cleanse us and give us power over men while we are debauching and oppressing ourselves with ungodly self-indulgences and pernicious example. A lazy, dirty, stingy, inconsistent professor of religion will not be found very often prevailing with God, and leading men into "the way of holiness."

"Be ye clean, that bear the vessels of the Lord," "from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit," is as important now as ever, "for who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?" Do you wonder that it is written, "woe unto them that are at ease in Zion?" Let any man go away with God, alone, for one hour, and get down on his knees, and study the prospect there is, in the light of the teachings of the Bible and the Holy Ghost, of himself, friends, family, and neighbors reaching heaven, and then bring up before his vision and understanding the nature and duration of the punishment of the wicked, as described by the "sacred writers," and he will have power to move men, and use it, or you may justly mark him as "twice dead, plucked up by the roots."—In the case of Maffitt, before alluded to, his host hearing him up, and thinking he might be sick, went softly to the door of his room, and found it had been left ajar, to give ventilation, and saw him on his knees, pleading with God. He was to preach the next day, by special appointment, on the *divinity of Christ*, and all seemed to be dark to him, and he could not rest. At one o'clock his host went again, and he was yet on his knees; and at two he went again, and there he was on his knees, his face the picture of agony! A little after three he went again, and he saw that he had fallen asleep, but his shining, happy countenance told, what the people saw, heard, and felt the next day, that he had been with Jesus, that the Holy Ghost had anointed him to vindicate

the doctrine of "God manifest in the flesh."

O, Thou great and mysterious Worker in the heart, "to will and to do of Thy good pleasure," re-create, transform, and wholly sanctify us, so that we shall make good our apostolic boast.

"Our high commission fully prove, Be temples of the Holy Ghost, And filled with faith and hope and love."

"While reading *Bringing The Sheaves*, by Brother Earle," says Brother Davies, "I saw how mightily God opened the windows of heaven wherever he went, and how many strong men and women he won to God; and I fell back in my chair with astonishment, and exclaimed, 'O, Lord, is it possible for one man to do so much good? Then would it be for Thy glory to have another such man? If so, then here I am; take me; and as immediately as the fire fell from heaven when Elijah prayed, so the mighty baptism fell on me, and I was in a moment filled with the Holy Ghost and faith. Yes, I was pervaded all through with the divine energy, and I am now praying God to give me a hundred thousand souls before I die. I give glory to God that, for nearly two years and six months, this mighty baptism has gone with me, to the city and the country, and has given me power to lead souls to Jesus.' Almighty God, may we invariably pray, with the immortal Wesley,

"Enlarge, I beseech, and fill my heart With boundless charity divine; So shall I all my strength exert, And love them with a zeal like Thine, And lead them to Thy open side, The sheep for whom their Shepherd died."

Bear with me, brethren, while I say there will be power in the pulpit when the occupant is thoroughly convinced that the results of his efforts are making his character and destiny for time and eternity. If ministers would measure themselves, spiritually, by analogous reasonings, as they judge others in other things, there would be a wonderful increase of power in the pulpit. Do you think that farmers, artisans, sailors, merchants, or any other class of toilers, dependent on the success of their efforts to sustain life, can be found satisfied with results similar in their nature to those that are connected with the efforts of most of the professed ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ? If you could find them you would say, they should be put under overseers, were giving sure evidence of softening of the brain, or were only fit for a place in an insane asylum. What a farmer satisfied with nothing in the fall of the year to put into his empty granary for winter's consumption? An operative or a manufacturer happy while he is using up material with no goods fit to offer in market, or that would sell? A sailor singing, joyously and hopefully, of the "home, sweet, sweet home" that he is expecting to reach in a few days, when the observations and reckonings of the navigator conclusively show the vessel is drifting towards destruction? The merchant, with liabilities altogether above his assets, and notes protested, and no money on deposit or in his purse—he talk of his glorious prospects? To describe such persons is only to clearly show their delusion and pitiable condition. But why cannot we see they justly represent many that are called wise, and good, and heirs of heaven?

One of the Bishops of London found the sharpest thorn in his dying pillow to be the fact that he had not any satisfactory evidence that even one sinner had been converted by his labors. You have often noticed a vast difference in ministers, at different times, and even in the same ministers, and perhaps in yourself, in regard to the union, or deadness of the utterances that attended the pulpit ministrations. What was the cause? Did you ever know of a deceiving, revengeful, vain, or dandy minister, that indulged in slander and misrepresentation, screening the guilt, fishing and hunting for mere self-gratification, or that played cards, billiards, checkers, croquet, and backgammon, or that advocated and defended the practice of such things in others, that was considered by the most spiritually minded people in the community as a man of the highest piety, the most safe adviser in spirit, and the most deeply of God? or that was constantly annoying the devil, and taking prisoners from his ranks? I am glad our last General Conference was so outspoken in regard to "dancing parties" and "dancing schools," "attending theatres," and "taking such other amusements as are obviously of misleading or questionable moral tendency." An honest, unworshipful, successful, Bible ministry, true to themselves and their God, and their ordination vows, and Churches filled with the Holy Ghost, and living in harmony with their profession, is the great want of the world to-day. Brethren, let each of us pray,

"Searcher of hearts, in mine Thy trying power display; Into its darkest corners shine, And take the veil away."

Finally, there will be power in the pulpit if there is power in the pews, of the right kind. Faith in the pews will secure, and send, and show power in the pulpits. Moses was more than a match for Amalek while Aaron and Hur held up his hands. Jonathan Edwards could preach while his Church were praying for him, to crowded houses, and men would fall as though they were dead; but when they turned against him, to please a tribe of Pharisees, he was "like one that beateth the air." Samson was strong till he was caught in the snare of an ungodly woman. The apostles on the day of Pentecost were sustained by a Church

that was of "one accord," and "all filled with the Holy Ghost." David, with proper confessions of wrong, and a "clean heart," was assured that he would be converted. The people can make the preaching what it ought to be, if they will. Hence they are responsible, in a great measure, for the right kind of preaching, as well as the ministers. "Ask, and ye shall receive." The laity must account to God for the proper efficiency of all Gospel agencies under their control. Ministers need help—help of the right kind, such as the Bible describes—men that are fathers in Israel, and women that have a travail of soul, professors of religion that pray "with groanings that cannot be uttered," whose eyes are filled with tears over the formalists that are enemies of the Cross of Christ, and "whose glory is in their shame." While I have been reading this paper hundreds have swung off into eternity, saved or damned. Which is it? What will candor say? The most of them went from where the name of Jesus was never sung; and I pray you remember that we teach,

"In that lone land of deep despair No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise— No God regard their bitter prayer, No Saviour call them to the skies."

If what I have written is true, or mostly true, brethren, we need to "examine" ourselves to see if we are "in the faith." If such results are expected and demanded of us as have been referred to; if we are forbidden by the Son of God to say "there are yet four months and then cometh harvest," but must with the "eye of faith" see "the fields" "white already for harvest;" if "he that respecteth receive wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal," and all should be able to say, "thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the favor of His knowledge by us in every place;" if the secret of pulpit power is known to us, and we are desirous of it, what will be our doom? "His blood will I require at thy hands" is the plain note of warning that God has placed before the unfaithful watchman; and if we find on examination that we have not that force in the pulpit that it is our duty and privilege to have, let us humbly confess our deficiency, and implore the divine clemency, yet, let us "tarry in Jerusalem," with wrestling prayer, "till we are endued with power from on high," for "ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost has come upon you."

"Come, Holy Ghost; for, moved by Thee, The prophets wrote and spoke; Unloose the truth, Thyself the key; Unseal the sacred book!" Amen and amen.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IS THERE NO DIFFERENCE?

BY REV. D. H. ELA.

Some of our religious papers have of late become wonderfully zealous for fraternity. *The Methodist* has become so earnest for peace that, like the Irish man, it is more than willing to fight for it. Reading its cool proposition to prepare the way for union with the Church South by cutting off our colored membership, one is reminded of Josh Billings' willingness to sacrifice all his first wife's relations for the sake of the Union; or, more aptly, of the Roman Catholic who is said to have murdered the children of his first marriage in order to remove all obstacles to another matrimonial alliance.

The Methodist, in particular, asserts that there is practically no difference between the two Churches in their treatment of the colored people. If that is true it is a very important and not a very wholesome truth. But is it true? It need not be asserted that the Methodist Episcopal Church is altogether faultless in this matter; nor, if it were equally faulty with the Church South, would it necessarily follow that a union of the two bodies would advantage either black or white. Faulty or faultless, one or both, equally or unequally, it may not be best for these two Churches to unite. But it may be true that the Methodist Episcopal Church does not yet practice perfect equality between whites and blacks. There is reason to fear that, North and South, the man in goodly apparel, and having a white face, gets the good place. Bishop Haven has several times hinted as much. It is true that we have black Conferences and white Conferences, and white Churches and black Churches—that we have not established perfect social equality between white and black anywhere. It may be true that we hardly recognize Christian equality yet. Nevertheless, there is a difference between the two Churches, which is felt by black and white.

In the first place, the Discipline of the Church South makes a marked distinction between the whites and blacks, while ours recognizes none. One provides for recording and reporting the white and colored membership separately; the other records simply its members. One provides for ordaining white ministers, and on other conditions for ordaining colored men; the other provides for ordaining ministers. Their General Conference invited the colored people to leave their old Church, and offered, if they would leave, to ordain colored Bishops for them; our Church invited them to come with us on terms of equality, admitted colored men to our Conferences, with equal rights and privileges, made them pastors and Presiding Elders, and members of General Conference. Our Church has mixed Conferences, white and colored sitting down as brothers and equals together; indeed, our General Conference is a mixed

body. And if it be true that the mixed Conferences tend to a preponderance of one or the other shade, that may arise from the character of the membership in the given locality, or may be simply an illustration of the fact that human nature in practice often falls below the ideal of theory.

But there is, after all, quite a marked difference in the practical as in the legal relations of the two Churches to the colored people. The Church South practically separates them from all white Churches and pastors, and says to them, "Go by yourselves, with your own ministers." It cuts them off from the benefits of a better educated and experienced ministry, and from the ministrations of their Presiding Elders and Bishops. The Methodist Episcopal Church sends many of its best and strongest men among them. Its Presiding Elders are over white and black alike, and mingle with them socially and religiously. Our Bishops, both those reckoned conservative and the radical, have lodged in the homes of the colored people, have ate at their tables, have walked the streets with them; in a word, have recognized them as equals.

If there were actually no difference, as *The Methodist* asserts, between the practices of the two Churches, the legal and theoretical differences are of great consequence. One is living below its own standard of right duty; the other is above the requirements of its own law. One is being urged by its own professions to the highest ideal of Christian equality; the other, by its false theories and laws of caste, is being dragged down to lower and less complete Christian life. Ideas and theories are forces in the moral world. The whole Southern press, and not a small share of the North, is enraged at Bishop Haven's theory of the absolute equality of races, though almost nobody has attempted to reduce the theory to practice. They recognize the power of theory. So the whole South, and not least, the colored South, recognize the difference between the two Methodisms in their opposing theories as to the relations of the races. And so the advocates of fraternity put forth the demand that the North shall discard its colored brethren as a condition of harmony. Under these circumstances it is not an unimportant thing for the Methodist Episcopal Church to continue its declaration of the theory of human and Christian equality.

A CONSECRATED LIFE.

BY REV. E. FLINT.

AMOS Hagar, born in Weston, died at his residence in Lincoln, Mass., July 9, 1875, aged 84 years. From his earliest years Mr. Hagar was familiar with the Spirit's strivings; and though brought up to believe that a moral and upright life was all-sufficient, his susceptible conscience led him early to feel that a change of heart was needed to insure salvation. Though his parents belonged to "the standing order," he was convinced that a few Baptists and Methodists with whom he associated lived a truly religious life, and he turned to them for counsel. When about 24 years old he was brought by a fever to the very gates of death. Nine in the family had the fever, and two sisters and a brother's wife died, bringing him face to face with death, but with no assurance that he was a child of God. On recovering he relapsed "into vanity again," and he prayed that he might be sick once more, to be brought in humility to Christ.

At the age of 26 he married, and was strongly impressed with his duty to explain his religious feelings to his wife, but did not; and he fell into a state of almost utter despair, and strove to be resigned to the thought that he must be lost forever. But God was better than he knew. A revival among the Methodists occurred, and curiosity led him to their meetings. These few lines, dropped by his little son, he casually picked up:—

"Behold a sinner, Lord, I stand, In thought and word and deed; But Jesus sits at Thy right hand For such to intercede."

They profoundly impressed him, and through them he found peace in Christ. The change was immediate, and beyond the power of words to express. What before was utter darkness was now mid-day brightness; he felt assured that his sins were all forgiven; and his long burdened soul burst forth into shouting and song. He prayed if there was any power in God to let him know it. His prayer was answered, and in his quiet home his joy was "unutterable and full of glory." He felt free, and his soul rose as the unaged bird towards heaven. The sense of sin, of sorrow, and of shame had all vanished, and the peace of God which passeth all understanding had taken its place.

Feeling that he lived in a dark age he felt that he must find his light directly in God, and to the "light of the world" he repaired. His confidence in himself was nothing, but in his God without bounds. He thought he had experienced every blessing, but hearing that another had a complete assurance, through the witness of the Spirit, he sought for the same blessing, and did not rest till he felt he had found it. When it came, the very air seemed to be holy, charged with the divine Spirit; and as the breath went from his mouth the Holy Spirit bore witness with it that He was a child of God. This was a source of exceeding satisfaction. He was sometimes cast down in mind, but at times his burden was lifted without any conscious agen-

cy of his own, and he felt it was an immediate answer to the prayers of friends, for he found afterward that relief had come at the exact time of the friends' prayer. Occasionally, from a want of confidence in God, and living below his privilege, he thought he must go through a "round of repentance" to get faith in Christ. He thought God did not answer his prayers in words, but in removing the burden, and filling the heart with love. He not unfrequently had such experiences of God's gracious presence that he felt it would take an eternity to unfold.

During his last painful illness, which continued several months, his patience and resignation were a wonder to his friends. No murmur, no complaint, no fretfulness escaped him. For years death had had no terrors to him. He would lie down at night with no solicitude, equally ready to awake in this world or in the next. When death did come he met him with a "glory to God!" He could not have been more assured of his acceptance had his bodily eyes seen directly through the open gates into the "celestial city," and his earthly ear heard from the lips of the Master the welcome, "come in, thou blessed of the Lord!"

Of the individual traits of his character there is no need of many words. He was not free from faults, but they were few, compared with his virtues. He was unusually transparent, being wholly free from craft and hypocrisy. As you can see the bees working in a glass hive, so you seemed to perceive the working of his very thoughts. Being conscious of right intention, he had nothing to conceal, and there was an openness and candor truly refreshing. From hearty conviction he held firmly to his own Methodist Church. He gave very liberally for her support. He never forgot her "welfare or her woe;" her name was graven on his heart; her ordinances he loved; her prosperity was dear to his soul; for her upbuilding no sacrifice seemed too great. The Church had no more loyal member than he, but at the same time he had an affection for Christians of every name. He loved every one in whom he saw the image of Christ; he had the charity which suffers long, and is kind.

His religious nature was the strongest element in his soul. No one could be intimate with him and fail to perceive this. Prayer was to him more than his daily bread. He felt that he communed with God, "face to face." He knew in whom he believed. He had an unbounded confidence in God, and in His promise. All arguments of infidelity shook his inner and assured convictions no more than do the billows the rock-bastions of Nahant; and it is hardly too much to say that his meat was to do the will of God. His sympathies were generous, his hospitalities large. The poor were not turned empty away. He could rarely refuse a request—to refuse costing him much more than to grant.

He worked with his hands his lifelong. "Diligent in business, fervent in spirit," was his motto. Idleness did not so much as touch the hem of his garment. He did with his might what his hands found to do. There was no break between his secular and his religious life. "He saw God, and did eat and drink." The two were parts of the one pure life. With the same loving spirit he partook of the bread which is the communion of the body of Christ, and of the daily bread around the family board. You felt there was no chasm between the prayer which carried his soul up to the very gate of heaven, and his smile and caress which gladdened the heart of a little child.

THAT RAZOR.

BY REV. MARK TRAPTON, D.D.

MR. EDITOR:—When I casually penned that remark relative to the *late razor*, the first that was ever laid on my youthful face (and will be the last also when I shall be indifferent as to its keenness), I am sure I had no suspicion whereunto it would grow. Indeed, I had lost sight of it altogether; but being in the *HERALD* office yesterday, the urbane Agent passed a small package into my hand, with the remark, "something for you." There was a twinkle in his eye, which raised the suspicion that in some way (I do not say that he had tampered with it; perhaps it was a clear case of "mind reading") he had gained a knowledge of the contents. On removing the wrapper I found a splendid new razor, with a beautiful strop to match, and a kind note, as follows:—"Rev. Mr. T.:—I see, by the *HERALD* of the 9th of September, that your razor is getting old. Allow me to present one for your use. Respectfully yours,

"L. A. DANIELS."

I was delighted—overcome. I turned it over, and read on the case, in gilt letters, "made only by J. R. Torrey, Worcester, Mass." The Editor and Agent were envious, and both exclaimed, it ought to have been ours. The Editor does not need it; his correspondents shave him sufficiently; and the Agent is sharp enough without a strop. I took it home, and the family were in ecstasies over it; and but for the fact that the female part of my house believe in "woman's rights," among which is the right of exemption from the task of daily shaving, would have appropriated the beautiful article

themselves. I brought out the old razor, and my eyes moistened. I gazed upon its worn blade, reading, through the mist, "Wade & Butcher. Tempered steel." I remembered well with what diffidence I purchased it, paying for it 75 cents; how slowly, in the shop, when the workmen were all gone, and the doors locked, I sidled it over my face for the first time, and then could not tell, by sight or sensation, whether I had shaved or not. Old companion of fifty years, you shall rest. Torrey's blade relieves you. Like your owner, you do not cut so cleanly as in your prime. You sometimes pull slightly; and now and then draw blood, but do not intend it. We have both grown old, and perhaps a little crusty; but I hope it may be said of your proprietor, as he now says to you, "well done, good and faithful servant;" "go to your mahogany mansoleum, and rest until the end comes."

Well, I have tried my new servant. I got my mug of hot water, dipped my brush (ah, thereby hangs a tale. This brush I purchased in the city of Pittsburg, in 1848, when attending the session of the General Conference, and have used it constantly since. I do not know of any brush-makers who read the *HERALD*), lathered my lip, applied the blade, but it did not take hold; used the strop, but still it neither pulled nor cut, apparently. A failure, I mentally exclaimed. I run my finger over my lip—marvelous. It was smooth as an infant's. I was shaved a week in advance. I was so pleased that, but for fear of bronchitis and my wife, I should have shaved my entire face, just for the pleasure of it.

But I lay aside old things with painful reluctance, just as I part with old friends. There lies an old violin, with which I have put to sleep, or *waked up* (more likely the last) all our children, many a time and oft. There hangs a clothes-brush. Cut on the back are the numerals "1830." There stands a China tea-pot of my maternal grandmother's, minus a handle. And that three-legged cherry-wood stand stood in my grandfather's house; and what is left of the old family Bible which lay upon it is in my book-case. When that old hero, Jesse Lee, went through the wilderness to New Brunswick he was the guest of my grandfather in Bangor, and I indulge the fancy that he read from this old book when leading family devotions, and hear him now, after being ferried over the Penobscot by grandfather, in two log canoes lashed together, singing, as he disappeared in the unbroken wilderness,—

"No foot of land do I possess, No cottage in the wilderness— A poor wayfaring man."

There stands a China mug, brought from England by the first of our name who came over, and sent to me by the aged grandmother, 92 years of age, who told me that she was the sixth generation of the Trapton family living on that same spot. There stand two chairs and a round table from the Rogers Plantation, York, Me., formerly worked by slaves. There they lie, in the same enclosure, separated by a narrow path, servants and masters; and there lies a small bundle of hay, cut by the hands of those sons of Africa.

Pardon me, Mr. Editor. I sat down to pen a note of thanks for a present of a razor, and unconsciously wandered into the far-off past.

Our Book Table.

TOWARD THE STRAIT GATE; OR, Parish Christianity for the Unconverted. By Rev. E. F. Burr, D. D. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks & Co. Duodecimo, 535 pp. The chapters of this finely published volume, from the pen of the author of "Ecco Caelum," are really short and vivid discourses, addressed to those who have accepted the Bible as a divine revelation, but have not yet personally experienced the saving truths it sets forth. These appeals are fervid and persuasive, rendered impressive by their freshness, their admirable and original illustrations, and by the heartiness and manliness with which the writer utters his profound convictions. It is an attractive and excellent volume to place in the hands of young people, and will suggest practical lines of thought to those contemplating a series of discourses to the young. We have been constantly reminded, in this volume, of the late Dr. Robert Philip, a dissenting minister of England, whose voluminous religious treatises were very popular twenty-five years ago—especially of his "Manly Piety, in its Principles and Realizations." This work is a substantial addition to our practical religious literature.

Harper & Brothers issue a beautiful illustrated edition of *SELECT POEMS OF GODALFRED*, edited with notes by Wm. J. Rolfe, A. M., late of the Cambridge High School. This handsome little quarto offers a fine opportunity for our seminary and high school pupils to study intelligently the poetry of the delightful author of "The Deserted Village."

Wm. F. Gilj & Co. issue a very amusing little volume of "The Treasure-Trove Series." This one is entitled *TRAVESTY*, and is true to its name. It is crowded with the broadest and most laughter-provoking humor. They also issue

THE HANDY HOME BOOK OF MEDICAL RECIPES AND FAMILY REMEDIES, by Dr. Wm. M. Cornell—a very convenient and useful little book to have near at hand for family exigencies. It is written by an intelligent and skilled Christian physician, who is well known both in the literary and religious community, and is well read in his profession.

From A. S. Barnes & Co. we have received A MANUAL OF ALGEBRA, by Wm. G. Peck, L. L. D., Professor in Columbia College. This text-book was first published as a portion of the mathematical course of Prof. Davies, in which form we had a practical acquaintance with it years ago. The new edition has been improved, and the book seems to be well adapted to the wants of seminaries and high schools.

The same house publish PRACTICAL ETHICS FOR SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES, illustrated, by Matilda Fletcher. This is a simple and compendious manual on one of the most important and too much neglected

subjects. Why should not fundamental morals be taught in the school-room to young pupils? The present volume provides an excellent text-book for such a study, with suggestions as to modes of teaching it.

We heartily welcome the substantial volume, announced some time since as forthcoming from the press of Robert Carter & Brothers, the MEMOIRS OF REV. WILLIAM GOODELL, D. D., by his son-in-law, Rev. Dr. E. D. G. Prime, one of the editors of the *Observer*. It makes a stout duodecimo of 499 pp. We notice, as we open this very inviting volume, one serious lack—the absence of a portrait of that fine, expressive face, borne to the last by this eminent and faithful servant of God. The very interesting record of the early history of Dr. Goodell, of his consecration to the work of missions, of his first establishment at Beirut, of his hegira from Syria, his final permanent residence and successful work in Constantinople, the great political events occurring during the exciting years he passed there, the completion of his noblest monument—the Armenian-Turkish Bible—with illustrations from his letters of his remarkable characteristics, his keen intelligence, his quick wit, his sweetness of spirit and holy devotion—all this is recorded and developed in the pages of this most entertaining and profitable biography. As we open its pages we see in our mind's eye, once more, the venerable form as he appeared in his last years, the winning smile that dwelt upon his face, the kind and attractive manners; and we almost hear the pleasant voice again, and feel the influence of the heavenly spirit which he ever breathed around him. He rests from his labors, and his works do follow him. May he have the work for sale.

Prof. Herbert W. Morris, the author of "Science and the Bible," a volume that has enjoyed a remarkable sale for a treatise on an apologetic subject—many thousand copies having been sold—has prepared another volume upon the PRESENT CONFLICT OF SCIENCE WITH THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION. It is published by P. W. Zeigler & Co., Philadelphia, in an attractive form, as a subscription book, with large, clear type, and with a number of illustrations on steel and wood. It makes an octavo of 666 pp., and is handsomely bound. It is sold for \$2.50. The volume is intended for popular reading. The author has made himself familiar with the latest generalizations of science hostile to revealed religion, and from the scientific point of observation, with hearty and undisguised confidence in the divine authority of the Bible, examines and answers the charges advanced against its revelations. The men of science might not feel satisfied that their positions are stated in the strongest form, but devout Christian readers will take great comfort in reviewing the strong testimonies found, outside of revelation, in the laws and phenomena of nature, bringing collateral confirmation to the sublime words of inspiration. It is an excellent and wholesome volume, and its circulation will be useful. It is written in such flowing and attractive style that unlearned readers will find little difficulty in apprehending and enjoying its lines of argument.

Robert Carter & Brothers publish a beautiful edition of Dr. J. R. Macdonald's MIND AND WORDS OF JESUS AND FAITHFUL PROMISES in one volume. This is the best of literature for the closet and hours of religious meditation—short, thoughtful, and devout expositions of the Master's words and the exceeding great and precious promises.

From the same house, for the young people, we have THE TRUE ORIGIN, by A. M. Mitchell Payne. In a pleasant story, God's plan is revealed to a devout family.

They also publish BRENTFORD PARSONAGE, by the author of "Win and Wear Series," in which it is made to appear that whatever a child sows that shall he also reap.

James R. Osgood & Co. publish a new volume from the pen of Jules Verne. It is entitled THE VOYAGES AND ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN HENRI VERMOREL, with illustrations. One hardly knows what to wonder at most, the amount of really excellent sense and actual facts in science and nature gathered into these volumes, or their surpassing but plausible extravagances. The young people simply devour them. The present volume gives a very vivid picture of polar explorations, with adventures that only Munchausen could experience.

LITERARY NOTES.

Hitchcock & Walder have a new book in press, entitled "A Comprehensive History of Methodism," in one volume, 12mo, by James Porter, D. D. The Editor has prepared this work from no lack of esteem for our excellent standard histories, by Doctors Bangs and Stevens (both of which he had the honor to print and announce, as Book Agent), but to meet a want they do not supply. Dr. Bangs' work is in four 12mo volumes, and relates chiefly to the Methodist Episcopal Church; Dr. Stevens' histories of Methodism generally, and of the Methodist Episcopal Church, are in seven volumes, 12mo, retelling at \$12.25. Both cost more than thousands of our young people can afford to pay, and are too voluminous for them to read. Dr. Porter's work devotes more than two hundred pages to European Methodism, with its adjuncts, appendages, and offshoots in the four quarters of the world, and the balance of the book, more than three hundred pages, to Methodism in its various branches and benevolent operations in America, giving the facts and figures from the beginning to the present time. The other histories only reach down to 1840, while the new one develops the marvelous transactions which have occurred since, giving special attention to the history of Emancipation. To render its material available at any moment, the author has appended a copious "Topical Index," showing just where to find any particular information the volume may afford. Its publication will be looked for with interest.—The list of the forthcoming publications of Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. includes a new poem, by Richard Watson Glider, called "The New Day." There will be, besides, two new "Brics-a-Brac" volumes, namely, "Personal Reminiscences of Constable and Gilles," and "Personal Recollections of Lamb, Hazlitt, and Others;" "India and Its Native Princes," translated from the French of Louis Rossetet, and a new illustrated edition of "The Life of George Washington," by J. T. Hendley, "Washington and His Generals," and "Chaplains and Clergy of the Revolution."

NEW MUSIC. Published by O. Ditson & Co.: "He's Pretty As He Can Be," by J. C. Chamberlain; "In the Dark," by The Dews; by F. Boott; "To Home," cavalcade, by Louis C. Elson; "Evening," romance, by Gounod; "I Will Love Thee," by Vincenzo Vainini; "Battalion March," by J. H. Milliken; "Danube River," mazurka, by Charles Grobe; "Alpine Rose,"

The Christian World.

LETTER FROM INDIA.

NAINI TAL, Kumaon, Aug., 1875.

My DEAR FRIEND:—I well remember my first acquaintance with you. It was on a stormy Sunday, in the old Pine Tree State, when, having, as a good boy, read my appointed portion of the Bible, I was introduced to you as a substitute for all secular and sinful acquaintances. You first told me that Dr Butler had died from Bacteria, in the mutiny of 1857, and was safe in Naini Tal. I then little thought I should live in the house he then occupied, and look out of my window upon what was the highest Methodist Episcopal Church in the world. We were very "high church" there—higher than the Tip Top House on Mt. Washington. The building was first a sheep-house; afterwards a church; and now Dr. Johnson's horse and groom occupy it. Lower down, near the lake, is a neat chapel, in which good English and Hindustani congregations worship every Sabbath. Eighteen natives have been baptized since January. So God's work moves on; but we are reminded every day that the workers are few.

Rev. J. D. Brown, one of our most efficient and experienced missionaries, will do no more work in India, if indeed anywhere. Stricken with paralysis, he must go home in the approaching cold season. A few weeks since I visited the cemetery of the London Mission at Almora, where, resting the remains of Rev. Melville Cox Elliott, namesake of Rev. Melville Cox, who fell in Africa. Brother Elliott was a young man of much promise as a missionary. He died in the summer of 1871. Many friends will remember him as a student at Bucksport, Wilbraham and Middletown. I trust that at the approaching meeting of the Alumni of the East Maine Conference Seminary the question will be asked, "who will fill his place in India?" One of our ex-Secretaries, and, if I mistake not, a venerable Bishop also, used to say in some of his most eloquent speeches, "we need more graves in India." We who are here are perfectly satisfied with the present number of graves, but we would like a few more living Methodist preachers to do the living work.

I still believe, as I always have, that the Methodist Episcopal Church can furnish India with four picked men every year. The men are in our schools now. Dr. Latimer, in his Report of the Boston Theological School, says that there are young men there ready to go to Mexico and Japan, but there is no money to send them. Will they come to India? They will if they are fit to be missionaries. There is, or has been, money in India for the support of those two young men. To my certain knowledge, India has offered, through responsible persons, to pay the traveling expenses and salary of two young men. Is anybody nodding in America? Money is important to the success of the missionary enterprise, but are not men more so? In all the missionary appeals I have heard I never heard anything said about men. It was always money that would insure success. Now a work opens upon us in India which can and should be supported with little or no money from home. But for this we need the flower of the rising ministry of America. Will not the Bishops please ask the classes of Deacons if any of them will devote themselves to the missionary work?

Since writing this, the Western Christian Advocate, of May 26th, has come to hand, and from that it appears that Bishop Wiley has found "young men and young women all over the land" "whose proffered services" must be refused "because we have not the means to send and sustain them abroad." Will not Bishop Harris send one of those young men to Naini Tal? I have just come from a meeting of the Naini Tal Mission Committee, which three years ago pledged the support of a pastor for the English Church here, and on the strength of whose representations Presiding Elder Johnson has since offered to pay salary and traveling expenses from America.

So urgent is the necessity for a man here that it was thought by some that, if a man could not be obtained from America, the Committee should search for one in England and Scotland. A finer field of labor than Naini Tal cannot be found in India. People are here from various stations on the plains, and the good done here during the hot season will be felt in many places below. The climate here is healthful, and a man can enter at once upon this work, without a painful tuition in Indian vernaculars. A house is already rented for him, and in Cyprus Cottage he will find a pleasant home. Will these young men please put themselves in communication with our Missionary Secretaries at 805 Broadway, New York, and with Bishop Harris, both of whom I know are earnestly seeking at least one man for this work. If any particulars are desired as to this place, inquire of Rev. T. J. Scott, of Zanesville, Ohio, who has but recently arrived in America, and who for a time acted as pastor of the English congregation.

I hope Bishop Wiley will make the acquaintance of all the young men he finds disposed to offer themselves for this work. Let them be a reserved corps in the Church, from whose ranks an annual supply may be chosen for all our mission fields. I am certain that, while the state of the finances has doubtless made it a necessity, the spasmodic manner in which men have been selected for our missionary work

has both hindered men from offering themselves, and hindered the Church from supporting them. Were the spirit of the itinerancy carried out fully, the Missionary Secretaries would have the whole body of the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church to select from, and the Bishop would know, without asking, that every member of every class offered himself for this work. Then too the General Conference would fix an Episcopal residence in India, and we should have more than a visit of six weeks from a Bishop once in four years.

LETTER FROM A PRUSSIAN.

[Copy of a letter from a Prussian, who was led to the Lord Jesus Christ by a member of the Y. M. C. A. in Toronto, which was kindly sent us by Bro. Dow, of Haverhill.]

GODEFRICH, Sept. 20, 1875.

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST:—It is just three months ago to-night since I was converted. Things I loved then I hate now, and things I love now I hated then. I feel very anxious now about the precious souls of others, and am trying to do all I can to awaken them. I feel thankful to God for hearing my prayers on behalf of my mother and brothers and sisters, for since I gave my heart to God my mother, five sisters, and two brothers have also found Christ. Before this they were very careless. After I found Christ I wrote to them, and prayed for them, and one Sabbath evening they were awakened in a very strange way while they were dancing (which they were in the habit of doing on Sabbath evenings). Seven weeks ago they were all converted. My little brother and sister went from house to house, talking to people of Jesus, and one Roman Catholic family of twelve have all been converted. For all this I feel very thankful to God and you.

"My whole desire is to live near to God, and do all I can for Him who has done so much for me and my friends. Probably you remember what poor English I spoke when you were here. I could not talk to you as I would have liked to; but I could talk to you better now, and hope to have the chance of doing so soon. I have connected myself with the Wesleyan Methodist Church. I might also tell you that the Y. M. C. A. here is doing a good work. In the last two weeks six have been converted in the rooms at the Sunday evening meetings. Good bye. Remember me to your parents."

—LEWIS FRANK.

RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

The Catholic Review says Luther's conversion, through the "dusty Latin Bible" at Erfurt, was from a son of St. Augustine to a disciple of Lucifer! and argues that, because prior to his day the Bible was printed, Catholics are not opposed to the reading and circulation of the Scriptures! The same number refers to President Grant's "silly little speech" at Des Moines recently, in which he pronounced himself so emphatically against all appropriations to sectarian schools, and proceeds to enforce the dogma of priestly interpretation from Peter's charge against the "unlearned and unstable," of "wresting the Scriptures to their own destruction!"

The official members of the Methodist Episcopal Churches of St. Louis have very reluctantly given their consent for the removal of the seat of the next General Conference to some Eastern city, which will finally be determined at the meeting of the Bishops in November.

The Baptists of Prussia are said to number 12,000 members—an increase of more than 100 per cent. in the past fifteen years. A bill has been introduced into the Prussian diet, granting them corporate rights. They own considerable Church property.

Mr. E. D. King, barrister of Montreal, has gone to Bermuda to defend a suit brought against a Methodist minister, Rev. Mr. Cassidy, by an Episcopal minister, for performing funeral rites in the common burial ground at Hamilton. No objections have been made in the past, but a new rector, Rev. Mark James, seems determined to claim exclusive rights.

The Virginia Bible Society is doing all in its power to supply the great destitution among the colored people of the State. They are very eager to secure the books, and in a great many instances are ready and willing to pay for them.

It is said that Bishop Jaggard of Cincinnati, and Dr. Cooper of Philadelphia, both Episcopalians, officiated, during their summer stay at Jackson, N. H., without either robe or book, in the village Baptist church, one of the "real aquatic species."

The long contested Church case, growing out of the suspension in 1868 of George H. Stuart, by the General Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, for singing hymns and communing with other Churches, has finally been settled by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, at Pittsburgh, in favor of the Stuart party.

Old Winston was a negro preacher in Virginia, and his ideas of theology and human nature were often very original. Some one thus accosted the old gentleman one Sunday: "Winston, I understand you believe every woman has seven devils. How can you prove it?" "Well, sah, did you never read in de Bible how seven devils were cast out'er Mary Magdalen?" "Oh, yes! I've read that." "Did you eber hear of 'em bein' cast out of any other woman, sah?" "No, I never did."

"Well, den, all de odders got 'em yet."

The burial of Gaibord will be attempted again. It is said that the body will be encased in two blocks of stone, riveted together, and so heavy that it will require ten horses to move them. The Institute Canadian are now looking for some self-explosive to put in the grave, so that any attempt to move the body after burial may result in destruction to those who make it. It is reported that 200 picked men from the Governor-General's Foot Guards are detailed to proceed to Montreal to be present at the burial of Gaibord's remains.

The Congregational Church of St. John has extended a call to the Rev. Henry M. Parsons, of Boston, to accept the office of pastor. Mr. P. was recently on a visit to the Lower Provinces, as a delegate from the National Council of Congregational Churches of the United States to the Congregational Union of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

The General Missionary Committee will meet at the Mission-rooms, 805 Broadway, New York, Wednesday morning, November 10th, at 10 o'clock.

The missionary ship John Wesley recently started from the Friendly and Fiji Islands with missionaries and teachers, chiefly natives, for the coast of Guinea, among tribes who have never heard the name of Christ.

Sunday, October 3, was an occasion of great interest to the Methodist Sunday-schools of Salt Lake City. Three Methodist Sunday-schools, enrolling about 800, assembled in the First Methodist Episcopal Church, which seats some 1,200. The exercises were conducted by Rev. G. M. Pierce, Presiding Elder, and acting superintendent of the Sunday-school of the First Church.

The splendid organ, from Ryder's, Boston, gave excellent satisfaction, and the singing of the children was very superior. Large numbers of Mormon young people were present.

If one of the most damning charges of Cicero's indictment of Catinus was that he was "a corrupter of youth," what shall be thought of a miscreant who keeps a gambling-house for small boys, teaching them games of hazard, and, by winning their pocket-money from them, gets a comfortable living?

Mr. Stanley, the African explorer, has at last been heard from. He reached the shores of the Victoria Nyanza Lake in the beginning of March, and on May 15th, the latest date, was engaged in surveying the lake. On the way into the interior the expedition had a protracted and severe fight with a body of natives, in which twenty-one of Mr. Stanley's party perished.

The Dominion Government has handed over the artillery officers' barracks, Quebec, for the use of the Women's Christian Association.

Father Chiniyug has lectured in Montreal on the Gaibord case.

The chapel of St. John the Baptist, Winchester, dating as far back as the reign of Henry II., has been completely restored recently.

The Lincoln Tower on Dr. Newman Hall's church, London, was completed on the 28th ult., Dr. H. laying the corner-stone himself.

TEMPERANCE.

ADDRESS OF THE PROHIBITORY CONVENTION.

For the first time in ten years the Republican party has nominated, as its candidate for Governor, an opponent of prohibition. This "new departure" of the party calls for new action. You are met at the beginning of the canvass with the proposition that the exigencies of the party make it your duty to vote for the regular nominees. This, though from the lips of men who last year bolted the regular nomination, is entitled to weight. Most prohibitionists are Republicans, and have been identified with that party from its origin; many of us were among its founders; it has had a glorious history. If its best elements can be conserved, and its worst ones driven out, it will deserve and obtain a long-continued life. How to effect this is the problem which confronts us.

Last year the party nominated one of the cleanest, staunchest, truest Republicans in the State. Twelve thousand Republicans, who voted the remainder of the State ticket—one third of whom voted in Boston—bolted his nomination, most of them voting for the Democratic candidate. Mr. Rice's nomination has been secured mainly by the votes of these men. It is a bid for the votes of the liquor traffic and its friends. The leaders of the Republican party must be taught that such catering to the liquor traffic will not pay.

A vote for Mr. Rice is an endorsement of his views upon this question. Against him as a man we bring no charges, save that he is an opponent of prohibition. None but a man of eminent respectability would have answered the purpose. The problem was to recover the liquor vote which was lost last year, and at the same time retain the votes of the better portion of the party. Only a "respectable" man could do this. Mr. Rice's respectability is a strong element of availability. It is of great value in uniting the vote of the dram-shop and the Church for the protection of the former. So unholy an alliance must not succeed. The people must teach the party leaders that "Rice, Rum and Respectability" is not a good rallying cry for Massachusetts.

Mr. Rice represents the determination of the party leaders to obtain the vote and influence of the liquor interest. The Republican party does not

want it—cannot afford to have it. The price of its friendship at the polls is protection to the liquor traffic. To pay that price will rob the party of its life-blood, losing it the votes of the men who have in the past made it what it is. The defeat of Mr. Rice will demonstrate that the mass of the party are not ready to surrender it to the liquor interest, even for votes.

"The honest enforcement of existing laws" is one of the pledges of the Republican party, but what fair enforcement of any liquor law can be expected from Mr. Rice, who, as mayor of Boston, permitted the prohibitory law to become a nullity by failing to use its most effective provision, the seizure clause? Especially is this hope vain when it is remembered that at various times, in recent years, when the liquor interest has sought the control of the Republican party, it has thought Mr. Rice its most fit candidate. The liquor interest never mistakes an enemy for a friend.

But the strongest argument against license is, not that it has been enforced, nor that it has failed, as it has in a hundred trials in Massachusetts, and in centuries of trial elsewhere, but that it is morally wrong. A vote for Mr. Rice is a vote for the perpetuation of a licensed liquor traffic under the protection of the Republican party. Against this we call upon the Christian and temperance voters to protest. The only place of protest is at the polls, and the only method of opposition to all who represent this policy.

Nor will this affect the success of the Republican party. Its triumph in the State is to be judged by the election of the general State ticket. The defeat of one candidate, on a local issue, with the election of the rest of the ticket, will add emphasis to the party victory, teaching that Massachusetts believes not only in the Republican party, but in the Republican party freed from all entangling alliances with that most corrupting element in politics, the liquor traffic.

For this cause we summon all temperance Republicans to the polls, not for the defeat of the Republican party, but for the defeat of that one of its candidates who represents the surrender of the party to the liquor interest. The salvation of the Republican party depends upon the defeat of this element. Those who believe that party should be successful can make it so by voting the remainder of the State ticket, and electing a Republican and Prohibition legislature. But let your vote against Alexander H. Rice teach the world that in Massachusetts an attempt to elect a Republican Governor by uniting the votes of the dramshop and the Church cannot succeed.

ITEMS.

RHODE ISLAND.—The License Commissioners of Providence have granted license to sell liquor at retail to the keepers of "houses of ill fame" for the sum of \$1,300 each, one woman holding three licenses. This raises a new question. The statutes give no authority to license any place except it be "licensed taverns, where a dwelling house is connected therewith, unless access to such dwelling house from within such licensed place is effectually closed."

The question to be settled is, whether men elected to see that the license law is enforced are justified in transcending their authority. Are these licenses good for anything? The community are being aroused by the fact that the "shield of respectability" has been given to these plague-spots in the form of law. Verily, the license system is "running out" when it is made to cover such abominations.

ENGLAND.—The Independent Order of Good Templars has become a body of no mean proportions in England. At the seventh anniversary of the introduction of the order into that country, September 7th, it was stated that there were between 4,000 and 5,000 subordinate lodges, with a membership of 300,000 adults, and scores of thousands of Juvenile Templars in the United Kingdom. Think of "about 1,000 subordinate lodges, held every week night, while, in addition to these, in England alone they held, on an average, seventy public meetings per week, besides the large numbers held in Ireland, Scotland and Wales." They report a gain of 30,000 Juvenile Templars in England's Grand Lodge the past year! This fact shows the temperance workers of England are not indifferent to the necessity of saving the childhood of the nation.

It is a noticeable fact that Mrs. Lucas (sister of the Right Honorable John Bright) is "Grand Worthy Vice Templar," and she talked in a straightforward manner about the condition of things in their country. She thought that to have so many brewers and distillers in the House of Commons, to make laws to rule and regulate their own traffic, was a "tremendous evil," to which she believed the people of England were waking up. "The women," she said, "ought to think seriously of the question. The Queen had set a noble example; and although she had not said much about total abstinence, she had taken the first step of the ladder, and she had no doubt the Queen would grow up higher in the work, and adopt the only safe principle, total abstinence. She hoped the Queen of England would set the women a great and good example."

These words, from a woman of such social position and character as Mrs. Lucas, must have their influence among the higher classes in England; and it is a cause for devout thanksgiving that such examples of noble action are presented us at this stage of the reform.

Commercial.

BOSTON MARKET.

WHOLESALE PRICES. Oct. 21, 1875.
FLOUR—Superfine, \$4.50; extra, \$5.00; 7.50; Michigan, \$5.50; 7.50; St. Louis, \$7.50; 7.50; Southern Flour, \$5.50; 7.50.
CORN—Mixed and Yellow, 30¢; 70¢; bush, 40¢; 45¢; 50¢; bushel.
RICE—\$1.00; 50¢; 70¢; bushel.
SHRUBS—\$2.00; 2.50; 3.00; 4.00; 5.00; 6.00; 7.00; 8.00; 9.00; 10.00; 11.00; 12.00; 13.00; 14.00; 15.00; 16.00; 17.00; 18.00; 19.00; 20.00; 21.00; 22.00; 23.00; 24.00; 25.00; 26.00; 27.00; 28.00; 29.00; 30.00; 31.00; 32.00; 33.00; 34.00; 35.00; 36.00; 37.00; 38.00; 39.00; 40.00; 41.00; 42.00; 43.00; 44.00; 45.00; 46.00; 47.00; 48.00; 49.00; 50.00; 51.00; 52.00; 53.00; 54.00; 55.00; 56.00; 57.00; 58.00; 59.00; 60.00; 61.00; 62.00; 63.00; 64.00; 65.00; 66.00; 67.00; 68.00; 69.00; 70.00; 71.00; 72.00; 73.00; 74.00; 75.00; 76.00; 77.00; 78.00; 79.00; 80.00; 81.00; 82.00; 83.00; 84.00; 85.00; 86.00; 87.00; 88.00; 89.00; 90.00; 91.00; 92.00; 93.00; 94.00; 95.00; 96.00; 97.00; 98.00; 99.00; 100.00; 101.00; 102.00; 103.00; 104.00; 105.00; 106.00; 107.00; 108.00; 109.00; 110.00; 111.00; 112.00; 113.00; 114.00; 115.00; 116.00; 117.00; 118.00; 119.00; 120.00; 121.00; 122.00; 123.00; 124.00; 125.00; 126.00; 127.00; 128.00; 129.00; 130.00; 131.00; 132.00; 133.00; 134.00; 135.00; 136.00; 137.00; 138.00; 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ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1875.

The Methodist (Wesleyan) of October 1 announces the holding in London of a religious convention. The leading laymen have requested the ministers to sanction and promote such a gathering, particularly of the office bearers, for the purpose of seeking unitedly a fuller consecration to God and a spiritual preparation for more extended usefulness. The ministers have heartily responded to the request. The details are not yet settled, but it has been proposed to hold a three days' convention at City-road Chapel, commencing the first week in November. It was thought that the morning and evening sessions might be profitably devoted to prayer, praise, and experience meetings, and the afternoons to Bible readings and expositions. Such a meeting, attended by the "thousand office bearers" and ministers that would be gathered to them in London, would be crowned with the most valuable spiritual results. Would not some such united, protracted service be a blessing to our Boston Methodists?

We are looking forward with lively expectation to the gathering in our city, the first week in November, of all the Bishops of our Church. They held with us their annual meeting. They may be a little surprised to discover that, with the proverbial thrift and economy of Yankees, arrangements have been made already to keep them well-occupied during the Sabbath they are with us. They will preach in our churches, and aid in awakening interest in one of our most important evangelical charities. The Social Union will hold a session during their visit, to give their members, with the ladies, an opportunity to become socially acquainted with the chief ministers of the Church. We trust their visit will be attended with a great spiritual benefit to all our people.

The grave and reverend senior who presides over the "great official" has become so much disturbed by "elocuted" contributions that he "goes for them" whenever he sees them. ZION'S HERALD had two of the disproportionate offenders, a week or two since, and though one of them was a Bishop, and the other a superintendent of city schools, he laid his heavy hand upon them. His readers assure him, he says, that he does right to sit down upon these long winded fellows; but then, while he was defending the short columns of the HERALD (for which service we heartily thank him, and warn our writers that Dr. Curry is after them with a very sharp rod), how could he have failed to have glanced over "the beam in his own eye," and seen the mortal long articles on his own first page, that week, not to speak of the extended, though strong and incisive ones on his own page? We propose to do better in this respect, and modestly intimate that there is room for improvement in the metropolitan organ!

The excellent letter of Bishop Capers, which was so prophetic of the violent end of slavery, and so patriotic and fraternal in its character, proves, after all, to be genuine, and will have all the more effect from the temporary hesitation that has been felt in reference to it, and the criticisms upon it. Dr. Henry D. Rogers, son of the Bishop, assures the editor of *The Neighbor*, a paper published in Columbia, South Carolina, that he is well acquainted with Col. C. B. Du Pre, and that he has seen the original letter. The difficulty in addressing the Colonel arose from the fact that his post-office is Clinton, Tenn., and not Clinton, S. C. How significant, in the light of succeeding years, is this passage: "My opportunity for observation in the South and West for the past ten years assures me that, unless our madcap politicians adopt some more conciliatory position, and compromise their extreme partisan views, the two great parties of principles fixed in State economy will be lost in sectional bitterness, and an early Presidential election secure the triumph of the Abolition party. This will bring about secession on the part of those States who are unwilling to compromise the pride of abstract rights, and then I shudder at the thought - a bloody revolution, accompanied by the material ruin of the South. Slavery, if this comes to pass, will be abolished by the force of a military tribunal, and the pride of my people fearfully humbled before God. This is an awful picture for me even to suggest, but as I contemplate it my soul sickens within me. Bepel it as I may, banish it from my mind as a mere fancy, yet it grows upon me as a hideous reality, which may a merciful God spare me the pain of realizing."

At the close of Dr. Deems' address at the inauguration of the Vanderbilt University, this telegraphic dispatch was handed him from the wealthy donor in New York City, which he read to the audience: "Peace and good will to all men." The eloquent speaker, very aptly turning his eyes to a full length picture of the "Commodore," solemnly responded, "Correlus, thy prayer is heard, and thine aims are had in remembrance in the sight of God." We trust "Correlus" will be as ready to hear and obey the divine messages Pastor Deems may bring him as his Roman name sake was to welcome and attend unto the words of Peter.

The Rev. John Allen, widely known as "Camp-meeting John," had an appointment at Portland on Wednesday night, and is now very feeble.

WHERE IS THE REMEDY?

Newspaper and pulpit topics seem to break out simultaneously all over the country, something as the sports of boys. Just now the worldliness and moral weakness of the Church form the great staple of the religious press and the most effective subjects for public discourses. In one pulpit, not far from Boston, we notice that the unfaithfulness of the Church the growing prevalence of crime is attributed, and the present apathy in the great temperance reform. The Church is blamed because so many children remain unschooled from the ruin of the streets, and untrained in righteousness; because so little is done to evangelize the masses; because she builds such expensive churches, neglecting to clear them from the embarrassment of debt, and permitting her home and foreign charities to languish; because her secular business is conducted upon selfish and unjust principles; for her lack of fraternal affection for brethren of a different name, and her sectarian bitterness; for her neglect of social religious duties; and for a general absence of personal consecration to Christ and His cause, and of vigorous efforts to seek the salvation of unconverted men.

Upon the presumption that all these indictments can be sustained, then what? While the general aspect of the Church in reference to many of these charges is somewhat discouraging, and while it must be admitted that a thorough reformation throughout the membership, and a revival of pure and undefiled religion, would make a profound impression upon the moral condition of all classes in society, this indiscriminate denunciation is not just, and does not tend to remove the cause of this moral impotence. There never was a period when the conscience of the Church, as a whole, was more sensitive to the claims of Christ, or when she contributed larger sums or more generous personal services, than at the present hour, for the establishment of His kingdom upon the earth. While local Churches in some quarters have gathered bodies of wealthy members, who have built for themselves luxurious houses of worship, the great multitude of country edifices are simply neat, and are filled with a devout and faithful class of worshippers. There has probably never been a period when so many persons in our Churches throughout the country were interested in the higher possibilities of the religious life, or so many laymen were devoting themselves to vigorous personal services in the Master's vineyard. The relation of the Church to the great social facts of the community also, to its poverty, the care of neglected and perished children, to crime and the reformation of prisoners, was never better appreciated than at the present hour. The woman element in all the Churches has been amazingly developed in the direction both of evangelization and reform. The cause of higher education under Christian auspices has received a mighty impetus within the last quarter of a century. As to Christian fraternity, the world never saw such an event, in every respect, as the great meeting of the Christian Alliance in New York, two years ago; and every year the principal seats of Protestantism are drawing closer together. Out of the bosom of the Christian Church of to-day the highly significant international court of arbitration has been formed, which is gradually being organized into a supreme court of the nations, and all the civilized peoples of the earth, under the suggestion of Christian charity, through their representatives, have been considering in successive international congresses the causes and cure of crime.

With all this, the Church of to-day is comparatively worldly, unconsecrated, and impotent as to spiritual service and moral power in the vicinity of her local churches. But preaching severely on this subject, and berating the Churches in the religious press, scolding in the social meetings, criticizing the social habits of members, denouncing the Church as backslidden and immoral, even if the imputations are all well grounded, will not cure the difficulty. It will neither awaken the Church nor improve its moral condition. A series of the most searching sermons will not do it. An ordinary revival will leave the Church, as a whole, in but a slightly improved condition. What is needed is not a revival simply, but a reformation. Something similar to the great uprising under the Wesleys and Whitefield is the need of the Church at this hour. It may be, God will call out a special leader. It is possible he has already anointed him. It may be, on the other hand, that the work will be accomplished without any prominent leaders. It is only the outpouring of the Holy Spirit that can recover the spiritual life of the Church. She cannot rise of herself, any more than a man can elevate himself by pulling upon his boot straps. There are, however, certain old-fashioned and not specially popular conditions that rarely fail of securing the indispensable divine aid. In olden days Churches appointed periods of fasting and prayer. They were honest and earnest in their desires to secure the presence and blessing of God. The Church really humbled herself, and poured out heart-felt petitions for a fresh breath of the Holy Spirit. Such seasons rarely failed of being the precursors of a divine benediction. God challenges such an appeal to His faithfulness. "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in Mine house, and prove Me now herewith," saith the Lord of hosts, if I

will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

A real reformation, turning the hearts of God's people fully unto Him, will cure, at one sweep, the spiritual and moral evils of the hour, so far as the Church is related to them. It will invigorate every charity, and pour a flood of divine love over the whole Christian family. It will be a dispensation of grace in the walks of business and in all social associations. The more powerful love for Christ and His cause which will inevitably follow will drive the world and secular pleasures back to their proper positions in the affections and activities of Christians, and the world will be forced to take knowledge of the disciples of Jesus that they have been with their Master, and imbibed His spirit.

LESSONS OF THE GUIBORD CASE.

The extraordinary circumstances connected with the efforts of the Papal ecclesiastical at Montreal, to prevent the burial of the body of Joseph Guibord in the Catholic burying-ground, have more than a local interest. Considered as exponents of the policy of that priestly authority at Rome which is stretching out its iron hand over these United States, with the avowed intention of subjecting our civil institutions to its own control, they cannot be other than instructive to us. The Bishop of Montreal is only the puppet of the Jesuit conclave at Rome, which, at the present moment, rules the papal world through that silly old man, the Pope, whom they have flattered into an insane belief of his own infallibility. The Catholic ecclesiastical in our country, from the newly-fledged Cardinal downwards, are likewise puppets, worked by wires in the hands of the same Jesuitical authority that inspired the Montreal Bishop in his battle against poor Guibord's bones. Hence they stand ready, when ordered by their Roman masters, to repeat here what has been done by their fellow slave in Montreal. We do well, therefore, to make serious note of a case which may yet be duplicated within our own borders.

The most superficial examination of this disgusting affair forces upon a reflective mind the conviction that the chief rulers of Romanism consider submission to their arbitrary authority as of higher importance than faith, morality, and observance of the religious rites of their Church. This will appear if we ask who was this Joseph Guibord, to whose remains they have refused sepulture these six years past? What was his character? what his offense? Was he immoral, irreligious in their sense, or an enemy of their Church? By no means. On the contrary, he had been a most faithful adherent. He had, indeed, been very highly esteemed by their highest Church authorities, both in Canada and Rome, because of his valuable services in translating their catechisms and rituals into the Indian tongues, for the use of their missionaries among the children of the forest. What, then, was Joseph Guibord's offense?

It seems scarcely credible, in this nineteenth century, but it is true, nevertheless, that this man's remains are being treated like the carcass of a dog because he refused to withdraw from a literary club which had the writings of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Moliere on the shelves of its library. Had Guibord simply withdrawn from the Canadian Institute, and remained in every other respect the same man, the priests would have buried his bones with ecclesiastical honors. His sole offense was a manly refusal to obey a mandate which had no Scriptural or reasonable authority. For this the priest refused him absolution, and the Bishop denied his bones a place in a grave which he had bought with his own money. Had he been an open violator of every command in the Decalogue, yet submissive to priestly authority in the matter of the Institute, they would have buried him, as the priests did a week or two since) that lay pugilist who was murdered while engaged in a drunken brawl in New York. What can be plainer, therefore, that unreasonable submission to their arbitrary authority is of vastly greater importance in the eyes of Roman priests than the religious and moral character of their dupes? For the former they have cheap and ready absolution; for the latter they have no forgiveness, neither in this world nor in the dread hereafter.

The defiant attitude of this Montreal Bishop towards the civil authorities of his country is also worthy of our careful consideration. After the Bishop had kept Guibord's bones out of his cemetery six years, by litigation, the highest court of England commands him to inter them with appropriate rites. What does he do? Does he submit, as a law-abiding man? Nay, he rather hurls the glove of defiance at the officers of the law, asserts the medieval doctrine of Church authority over civil governments, and incites the more ignorant of his followers to riotous acts which compel the Canadian government to resort to military preparations.

Our readers must not forget that this rebellious action of the Bishop of Montreal was dictated by his Jesuit masters at Rome. His voice only gave utterance to the dictum of these disturbers of the peace of the civilized world, who, seeing their puppet Pope stripped of his temporal sovereignty, have forced him to instruct his Archbishops, Bishops, and priests to re-assert the dogma which Protestants had believed was dead and buried, to wit, that the Roman Catholic Church is the superior of the civil authority, over which those conspirators

against the liberties and progress of mankind are determined to rule, if possible. Hence the disloyalty of the Montreal Bishop is but an expression of the disloyalty necessary to every priest living under a free Protestant government. Sworn to obey his superiors in all things, he must be hostile to every institution which unites his poor followers for a life of dastardly submission to ecclesiastical authority. Hence with us the free public school, because children, being taught therein to think for themselves, cannot be made into spiritual slaves. Hence, also, it was that the Catholic priests were in sympathy with the rebels, and with the rioters in New York, during our late war. It was in harmony with Jesuitical schemes to divide the division of the Union because they hoped thereby to more readily achieve their objects. Let us remember, therefore, that a good priest, in a Catholic sense, must be a disloyal American.

But Joseph Guibord's dead body will yet be buried in the Catholic cemetery at Montreal. British law is asserting itself, with its own calm, irresistible energy. As we write, the tramp of armed men, the rumbling of artillery on their route to Montreal, proclaim its purpose not to be beard by Bishop or Pope. This gathering of force awed the Bishop at once, and he gave his riotous dupes public notice that the offending remains must be permitted to enter the enclosure forbidden to rebellious sons of the Church. Nevertheless, he would curse the offender's grave! That is to say, British law being prepared to draw his teeth, he would, like Bunyan's toothless giant Pope, mumble idle curses on the spot of earth which is to declare henceforth to Canadian freemen that it is not yet safe to flaunt the scarlet robe of Rome in the face of the British lion. Will it not also declare that Rome cowers when her foes look her squarely in the eye, and tell her that she shall not have her own way? Like all arbitrary powers, Rome is cowardly at heart. She knows that she is but a pretender, a sham, a doomed creature, and she trembles in her chambers of corruption whenever met by fearless, resolute men. Let us remember this in our own conflict with her on the school question, and wherever else she sets up her false, injurious claims. She is the avowed enemy of freedom. Let her be curbed, bitted, and firmly reined within her proper limits.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

CANTERBURY, ENGLAND.

If for no other reason, the name of Canterbury in Kent is well known because the poet Chaucer, long since sent his pilgrims hither, and their journey was so pleasant that the world has never lost its interest in the place to which they went. And then it is not less famous on account of its connection with that most memorable incident in English history, the murder of Thomas a Becket. The poet said of the devotee who sought this saint's shrine, -

"But specially from every shire's end
Of England, to Canterbury they went,
The holy blissful martyr for to seek
That them hath holpen when that they were sick."

And so, for these hundreds of years, the overflowing tide has set towards Canterbury. It might be delightful to make the journey from London to Canterbury on foot or horseback, as the old time pilgrims were wont to do, but "riding on a rail" is a saving of time, and, in fact, of money, for in the wonderful progress of these modern days it has come to pass that the most expensive way of traveling is to go on foot, unless indeed one has no business, and wishes for none, and forages upon the public, and is, in short, a professional tramp.

The country all through Kent is beautiful - not flat, not very hilly, but smooth, rolling land, that looks as if it were designed for the hand of the husbandman. It is now richly laden with the growing crops of many kinds, while ever and anon we pass wide reaches of the richest land devoted to the culture of the hop, one of the prime ingredients of England's poverty and wretchedness, for England's beer is at once a woe and cure.

A dear old gray haired woman at my elbow is a native of Kent, and her home is in Canterbury, and she thinks, perhaps, the solitary American may be a little lonely, and so she begins a conversation, after she has asked, in true Yankee style, where did you come from? how long from home? how are you? where are you going? do you like the country? when will you return? and were you in England before? and all so quick, one after the other, that there was scarcely time to put in an interrogation point. But, for all that, she was a lady of intelligence and culture; and, best of all, she spoke with a genuine affection for America, and how glad she was that our two governments had settled all their troubles without resorting to war.

And so she acted as guide and friend, and pointed out all the beauties of the way as we rode along; here an old castle in ruins; yonder a princely palace, around the tall trees; there a far-reaching expanse of meadow, luxuriantly green; under the trees by the river bank a numerous herd of sleek and quiet cows; and on the hillside, not far away, a flock of sheep grazing; and every now and then the dear old mother would ask, "do you have anything so nice in America?" Of course we assented to all her compliments of English scenery, and rivers, and cows, and sheep, and then quietly remarked that in America we had all these things, and on a scale that far surpassed any-

thing possible in England! With a sigh, that told how sorry she was to hear that England was second, she exclaimed, "is it possible?" It is putting it mild to say that America not only excels England, but the Continent as well; and no American who knows his country need be ashamed of it, in any respect, when compared with these countries of Europe; and taking out of it all the villains and vagabonds that have come to us from Europe, it would by a hundred per cent. excel them in morals and education more than it now does in natural beauty and capability.

And so, with many pleasant words, the modern pilgrims reached old Canterbury, one going to her home, the other to ransack the nooks and corners of the place, and see all that might be found. The first point of interest is the old church of St. Martin's, which we reach through many narrow and winding streets, but, thanks to much experience in crooked Boston, the more streets deviate from straight lines the more we seem to be at home. This church of St. Martin is the oldest Christian house of worship in all England. It is small, much smaller than many a country chapel, with a venerable aspect, whether you view the exterior or the interior. You can but feel that it is hoary with the centuries which have passed since Christian men built its walls, and consecrated them as a house of prayer. The traditions concerning its origin are many. It is said that its walls, in part at least, were built by Christian Roman soldiers who were stationed in England, sometime during the first century. An examination of the walls, and a comparison with other works erected by the Romans, would lead us to trust the truth of this tradition. After the withdrawal of the Christian soldiers who had built it, it was suffered to fall into decay; but when Queen Bertha, who married the heathen King of Kent, came to Canterbury, which was then the royal city, she gained permission to restore the church to its original use, and, after many affecting religious ceremonies over the ruins, she caused complete repairs to be made, and from that time to this it has been used as a place of Christian worship. Within the church, in a rude sarcophagus, which all may see, are said to repose the remains of this pious and zealous queen. It is but a humble place, with no architectural adornments - more like a stone barn than anything else, with the exception of the windows; and yet some of the voices that have been heard within these walls were those of men whose names will live in the Christian Church to the end of time.

The church stands on the western slope of a gently rising hill, and is surrounded by a quiet graveyard, in which for a thousand years and more the generations of the dead have been laid to rest, until it is probable that more have been buried in this little spot of consecrated ground than could possibly stand upon an area twenty times as large. Just at the right of the pathway that leads to the entrance, and close to the church, is the grave of Dean Alford. He was buried here at his own request, because he loved the old church and the town. A plain iron railing surrounds his grave, and a thrifty ivy, planted by some loving hand, is covering the iron with a wreath of beauty. A venerable yew tree, of the same kind of which the English bows were formerly made, spreads its sheltering arms tenderly above his place of rest. It is a quiet, pleasant place to bury the dead, if they could only rest in peace, which they can not do with the present system of burials prevailing in England; for, did not the very gentlemanly clerk of the parish who had opened the church for us, and to whom we had given a shilling for his trouble, offer to sell us some genuine amber beads, which he said had belonged to the Saxon princess whose grave, in digging for a new one, had been a short time before opened? And furthermore, did he not say that he would not like to offer them for sale, because the rector considered that they were very remarkable and sacred relics, all the while looking as if another shilling or two would conquer his conscientious scruples? But we did not tempt him, and he may yet have his treasures, if he has not sold them to some verdant Yankee.

It is not a long walk from St. Martin's to the cathedral, and thither we bend our steps. It is one of the most interesting in all the land, both on account of its associations and architecture. It is grand and solemn, and worn with the peltings of a thousand storms without, and by the ceaseless passage of many feet within. There are here the tombs of many of the mighty men of other days, but none of so great interest as that of the Black Prince. Here, on the left of the church, in a massive sarcophagus, reposes all that was mortal of the bravest son of the royal family of England. He was a warrior in the days when personal prowess and undaunted courage were essential factors in the decision of the bloody contests which were waged to gratify pride or lust of power - wars only less evil than those of modern times because they were smaller, and involved less important interests. Above his resting-place, upon a cross-beam, where they have hung for more than five hundred years, hang the shield and coat and sword and gauntlets and helmet which he wore at the battle of Crecy. Passing around to the rear of the chapel, we see the broad stone stairway up which for hundreds of years the pilgrims to the shrine of Thomas a Becket have ascended. There are perhaps ten steps in all; and

when these pilgrims mount them they do it upon their knees, and always two by two - never in single file; and in this way they have worn a double track up this stone stair-way. The extent of the depression thus made at the deepest point is about an inch. And so along this church aisle we may follow this track, worn into the stone floor, until we come to the spot in the rear of the chancel where the relics were formerly kept. There we see a depression made around a space about fifteen feet square, where they used to kneel around the iron rails that enclosed the holy place where the relics were preserved. But the relics were long since scattered to the winds by Henry the Eighth. It was his namesake and ancestor who had caused the death of Becket, and in the fight that the king had with the Pope he struck him at every vulnerable point, and it was a blow at the whole system of superstition to destroy these objects of veneration wherever they could be found; so that, between Henry the Eighth and the soldiers of grand old Oliver Cromwell, who were great haters of nonsense, there are but few genuine relics, except of recent importation, anywhere to be found in all England - but still enough for all practical purposes. But though the last particle of Becket's dust, and every thing of his has long since passed away, yet year by year thousands of Catholic pilgrims come to this place; and Protestant church though it is, they go the rounds, and pass away, and others come; and the venerable and canny scroton quietly said that it was no harm to the church, and if it did them any good it was so much gain.

At the right of the chancel, in a little side chapel, is shown the very spot where Becket met his fate. The officers of the king had had an interview in his house with the stern priest, and no satisfactory arrangement could be made, and he left them, and went by a private entrance into the little chapel, on his way into the church; but the men of blood would not be thus thwarted, and bent on removing the obstacles that stood in the way of the will and pleasure of their royal master, they overtook him just where the chapel joins the body of the church, and their work of death was speedily accomplished. And so, through the ages, ambition, lust, and greed of wealth have mingled strangely in the conflicts which have tended to overthrow priestly and tyrannical power; and it is even now doubtful if the world be grown so wise and good that the rights of all can be secured except by conflict and slaughter, in the midst of which the worst passions of men will be evoked. What a blessed day that will be when the principles of the Gospel shall everywhere prevail, and Christian churches be purified from these memorials of war and crime and shame.

W. F. MALLALIEU.

Editorial Paragraphs.

The Christian Register, a week since, had on its editorial page a contribution not written with the ordinary balance or equanimity of spirit which mark, at least, the editorial communications of that paper. The writer was evidently disturbed by the revival movements of Mr. Moody in Western Massachusetts. He thinks and asserts that a large body of the ministers in Orthodox pulpits are now secretly holding liberal views that they dare not openly avow, or purposely conceal their position in the Churches might be perilled. This is certainly a very serious charge, and, as it is based largely upon presumption, a very important one also. The writer says, "the time may soon come when many who now are comfortable in their uncertain place will be called upon to declare themselves fairly whether they will stay in the light which they have reached, or be drawn back into the noise and folly of an unreasoning enthusiasm."

We do not give the slightest weight to this opinion. Sectarianism is in men, and not in creeds. Men of the most liberal school may be bigoted and sectarian to an offensive degree, as we have here a painful illustration, and those who conscientiously accept the substance of doctrines contained in the Orthodox confessions of faith may be charitable and generous in their interpretation of both their own and the creeds of others. The writer says, "we know of one Presbyterian minister at least, an ardent and able preacher, who, as one of his intelligent hearers testified, habitually doctrine identical with the doctrine of the Unitarian minister in the same city." Strange that he should suppose that there is no common ground between Orthodoxy and Unitarianism, and that because a minister expresses certain views which harmonize with sentiments held by himself, therefore he is dishonest or hypocritical in affirming others which differ from him. And all this broad generalization, involving character and Christian manhood, is based upon the hearsay testimony of an "intelligent hearer!"

From years of observation we are convinced that our evangelical ministers, as a body, and our people also, are as well satisfied with, and assured in, the doctrines of the Cross at the present time as in any period of ecclesiastical history. Such a threat as that from the excited writer referred to is simply a brutum fulmen: "If the preachers venture upon the experiment of dragging the hearers in their congregations into the support of dogmas which the age has outgrown, as the basis of their 'emotional piety,' they will have an exodus of the best minds and hearts more lamentable than all their joy over temporary conversions will compensate." Our Churches upon the earth would rejoice with the angels in heaven over such results as conversions through "emotional piety" based on faith in a vicarious Saviour. Such a revival would rather confirm and build up the Churches than scatter them. We are more than willing to test the experiment.

Princeton is a beautiful farming town about fifteen miles from Worcester, situated upon an elevated range of hills on the opposite side of a valley from Wachusett. From the memorable meeting-house hill in the town the small hotel upon the summit of Wachusett can be distinctly seen, and such a view is had of a valley, from twenty to

twenty-five miles wide, on almost all the other sides, dotted with a score of such beautiful towns as Clinton, Leominster, Oakdale, Boylston, etc., etc., as the eye rarely falls upon. When we walked a ministerial brother that we expected to pass a Sabbath in Princeton, he gravely informed us that the Methodist Church in the town was dead and buried; but a "liveller corpse" we never had the pleasure of looking upon. We will do, the brother the justice, however, to say that he did add that the Church had experienced a resurrection under its present vigorous and faithful young pastor, Rev. John H. Emerson, late of the Theological School of Boston University. The town is small, but it has a half dozen large and popular summer boarding houses, which are well patronized through the season; and no one can visit the town and feel any surprise that its marvelous natural beauties and its pure elastic air attract visitors to its convenient hotels. The money thus freely poured into the town manifests its presence in the generally thrifty appearance and bright white paint of the residences. There are two attractive Church edifices, Congregational and Methodist, and the Churches hold delightful fraternal relations to each other. The ministers are both cultivated young men, and work in harmony with one another. Mr. Emerson, with his fine gift of song and a skill in instrumental music, has drawn the young people around him, while his earnest and thoughtful discourses please every age. About a dozen members were received into the Church from probation, on the Sabbath we had the pleasure of assisting him - the result of a grateful revival last season. In the evening the two Churches united in the public service, filling the Methodist house. The upper part of the house has not been opened as a light for an evening meeting but once before in five years. The moral and spiritual condition of things with them is now looking very encouraging. They are expecting a refreshing from the Lord, and are consecrating themselves as the instruments for the work. That mountain parish, and that beautiful autumnal Sabbath, will linger long both in our memory and prayers.

In Springfield, Vt., a very interesting industrial experiment is now in successful trial. It is known as the Industrial Works, and is carried on by a body of young people. They exercise a strict surveillance over each other's habits, admitting and retaining none in the association but such as are willing to be temperate, economical in dress and living, and to save a portion of their wages to be invested in the capital stock of the company. The wages are affixed by the board of directors, in accordance with the skill and ability of the men. When a member is admitted he furnishes a small amount of capital, and agrees to save and devote one-fourth of his wages to the common fund. Women do not furnish capital when they enter, but invest one-sixth of their earnings. When the requirements of the company are not met the offending member is expelled, and may not can voluntarily retire, withdrawing his capital, by giving six months' notice. They have a large dwelling-house, with comfortable usually to be found in such establishments, and the board is placed at a moderate price. With two factory buildings and a good water privilege, they engage in the manufacture of toys and house furnishing goods. The experiment has now lasted one year, commencing with only five hands. They have at present forty-five, and their sales last month amounted to over three thousand dollars; they pay roll for the month being over twelve hundred dollars, while the wages saved and added to the capital were more than three hundred. Each member has an average of one hundred and fifty dollars a year.

This is a very suggestive and valuable experiment. Its success will turn upon the prudence and wisdom of its board of directors, upon the care exercised in the admission of partners, and upon their resolute in keeping up the discipline of the body. Labor and capital are naturally combine in a harmonious association, there will be no occasion for violent conflicts or for strikes. Such broad social and industrial combinations have, however, not been successful for any length of time. Like all human institutions, they become demoralized. We hope better things of this. The *Woodstock Standard* of Oct. 8 gives an interesting account of the establishment.

Rev. A. Noon sends us this very startling tidings, which we know will enlist the ready sympathies of all our people for the afflicted family: "The Rev. Thomas Burr Treadwell, pastor of our Church in Wales, died very suddenly at his home on Wednesday last, of heart disease. Feeling somewhat indisposed in the morning, he thought prudence would oblige him to remain away from the closing exercises of the village school, carried on by his daughter, who attended Mrs. Treadwell to go, and leave him. A neighbor, passing by the house shortly before the school closed, was called in by Brother Treadwell, who desired the services of the village physician, then near by, who called and administered a remedy for a severe pain in the cardiac region, but without success, as the disease came to a fatal termination. Brother Treadwell was a graduate of Wesleyan University, class of 1851. He was born in Reading, Conn., and after graduation spent a year at Concord, joining the New England Conference in 1853. Since that time he has sustained an effective relation, serving the Church, fourteen different churches, with fidelity and acceptability. He was on his second year at Wales, and had won the esteem and affection of the people. He will be particularly missed on Worcester District, the field of his labors for thirteen of the twenty-two years he has been in the Conference. Brother Treadwell was a good preacher, an independent thinker and cultivated scholar. His funeral occurred on Friday."

The Christian Era asks and answers the inquiry, so pertinent at the present hour, "is any Church asking, Shall we have a revival? The answer is, 'Just as you elect. So far as God is concerned, all things are now ready.' He challenges you to try Him, and see if He will not open the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing. Whether, then, you will experience that refreshing from the presence of the Lord, so needful to your spiritual strength, depends upon yourself. Are you ready? If not, begin the work of preparation, which is the most sincere invitation. Carry on that work to completion, and rest assured that the Lord will come to you when you can say to Him truly, 'we are ready.'"

We are indebted to that handsome quarterly sheet, *The District Methodist*, Rev. Presiding Elder George Whitaker editor, for very kindly words about ZION'S HERALD, and good advice to its readers as to subscribing for it. We are free to say that the vigorous Presiding Elder makes a capital itemizer, and his sheet is both handsome and interesting.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Fourth Quarter.
Sunday, October 31.
Lesson V. John, xv, 11-19.
FRIENDS AND FOES OF JESUS.
BY REV. W. E. HUNTINGTON.

Leader. 11 These things have I spoken unto you that My joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.

School. 12 This is My commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you.

L. 13 Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

S. 14 Ye are My friends if ye do whatsoever I command you.

L. 15 Henceforth I call you not servants, for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth; but I have called you friends, for all things that I have heard of My Father I have made known unto you.

S. 16 Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain, that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father, in My name, He may give it you.

L. 17 These things I command you, that ye love one another.

S. 18 If the world hate you, ye know that it hated Me before it hated you.

L. 19 If ye were of the world, the world would love you; because ye are of the world, and because ye are not of the world, therefore the world hateth you.

In Peter's enumeration of Christian graces, beginning, "add to your faith virtue," etc. (2 Peter i, 6), "brotherly kindness" follows "godliness." Jesus observes a similar sequence, as we notice in comparing this lesson with the last. He first inculcates the duty of being joined vitally to Himself; we must be filled with Christlikeness, Godlikeness (godliness), by letting His life flow into ours; then upon this basis a true friendship towards Christ himself and our fellow men can be formed. Again, as in previous lessons, Jesus takes a word that means much in human relations, and endows it with a divine significance, as He teaches that true discipleship is friendship with Christ. He both simplifies and exalts the doctrine of Christianity as He binds them all into one rich sheaf, and names it "friendship." The fervor of Christ's utterance on this theme is a loving protest against an austere, legal, slavish type of Christianity living. The hard-faceted religion of Puritanism is not to be scorned, for it required an iron-fisted and an iron-hearted faith to rebuke the corruptions and spiritual degeneracy which only the Puritan character could frown upon and check. The ocean cliff, which commands a limit to tides and stormy waves, must be rugged. But the Abrahamic (2 Chron. xx, 7) and the Christian type of faith, that which was before the Law, after the Law, and which best fulfills the Law, is one that is built up in the warmth and sympathy of Christ's tender words, "ye are my friends."

These things, etc.—these words of comfort, these last lessons, truths which will stay, although I go away. That My joy might remain in you. The thought of the vine, of which Jesus has just spoken, still lingers, and gives meaning to His words. "The joy that was set before Him" now fills the Saviour's heart. It was not all in the future. He wanted His words to be the channels through which streams of joy might pour into His disciples' hearts. Religion puts new joys into the life; they are the joys of heaven, of Christ; they come from above, down—not from below, up. Those for which men stoop and crawl will not last, but those for which we reverently kneel and aspire will abide.

Not joy concerning Me (Kathymus), nor joy derived from Me (DeWette), nor My joy over you (Augustine, Lampe); but His own holy exultation, the joy of the Son in the consciousness of the love of God, of His unity with the Father (Locke); "My joy, a joy flowing from love" (Bengel).

Your joy might be full. Some joys, worldly ones, cannot be full and satisfying. Any pleasure which we can hold up to God, and which we can ask Him to bless and make "full," is safe. Who can say that the Christian religion is a gloomy thing, when the result of all its doctrine and discipline is to fill human hearts with joy?

My commandment— a new one (xiii, 34), the great, inclusive command, which gathers into itself the decalogue and all moral law, the central sun from which all subordinate truths and precepts radiate; Mine, because it was My mission to fulfill the "law and the prophets;" because My nature, My work, My life are filled and regulated by its authority and power.

All commandments are comprised in love, one love (Bengel). Love is a positive duty, laid on our consciences to practice it (Hyle). Love one another. Jesus is now cementing the different elements of His little Church; He does it by authority; He commands the disciples into an affectionate fellowship; He girds them with the band of a law, the "law of love."

The crossness, spitefulness, jealousy, maliciousness and general disagreeableness of many high professors of "sound doctrine" are a positive scandal to Christianity (Hyle). They do not love that do not show their love (Shakespeare). Love rules without law (Italian proverb). Love is the marrow of the bones of fidelity, the blood in the veins of piety, the snow of spiritual strength, the life of sincere devotion (Spurgeon). Love one human being purely, and warmly, and you will love all (Poe).

As I have loved you—with a like unselfishness, forgiveness, and self-denying spirit. Christ's is the standard by which we are to measure our love; it is to be loved up to this.

He asks not that our love should equal His, but resemble His. A pearl of dew will not hold the sun, but it may hold a spark of

its light" (Stanford). How little of a sea can a child carry in his hand. My withered arms will not go about His high, wide, long and broad love (Rutherford).

Greater love hath no man, etc. This is the highest proof of love to be found among men. Paul does not contradict this (Rom. v, 6-8), but only shows how Christ's love transcends the love of "some" of the best men. Jesus elsewhere taught (Matt. v, 44) that men ought to love their enemies, but does not bring human love to the same test which His own love bore that of dying for enemies. Oh, matchless love!

"His own great sacrifice of Himself lies in the background of this verse, but only in the background, and with but one side of it seen—His love to them" (Alford). "In profane history not half a dozen stories of the triumph of human love in vicarious death for friends have come down to us in six thousand years; and not one is recorded of a person dying for his enemy" (Beaumont). "These hearts must be harder than iron or stone which are not softened by such incomparable sweetness of divine love" (Calvin).

Ye are My friends if, etc. Obedience was made the test for the inhabitants of Eden; Christ only renounces that ancient law as a test of their friendship. There is authority as well as friendliness in Jesus. He is Teacher as well as Friend.

"Nothing can be love to God which does not shape itself into obedience" (Robertson). Ye are thus My doing friends, and not merely the passive recipients of My love (Lange).

Henceforth I call you not servants. From their early following of Jesus, on through His ministry, the disciples were no doubt somewhat under the Rabbinical notion of discipleship, and Jesus frequently called Himself their Lord, or their Master. But He was constantly teaching them that there was freedom (by the truth) from all kinds of slavish feeling. Now, on the eve of His departure, He declares them no longer servants. As the best law for the heart is love, so the best service for the hand is from friendship. Service then becomes cordial, abundant, unmeasured. Freedom and obedience are reconcilable elements, both for the citizen and for the Christian.

For all things, etc. Jesus now gives the evidence by which they may know that He has received them into the relation of friends, namely, by the confidence He has reposed in them. The slave is under his master. In friendship equality of rank is always tacitly assumed. The grades of friendship are correspondent to the kind of trusts committed in confidence from friend to friend. Few friends know all our secrets. Christ emptied His heart to His followers. He had published to them the whole of His commission from the Father. The root of "all things" had been made known; but in the development of His kingdom on earth "many things" (xvi, 13) were yet to be said to them.

Abraham was called "the friend of God" (Jas. ii, 23). "Shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do (Gen xviii, 17)?"

Ye have not chosen Me, etc.—another proof of His love. He sought them, called them, loved them before they were His friends (1 John, iv, 10, 19).

A wholesome memento, after the lofty things He had just said about their mutual indwelling, and the unreservedness of the friendship they had been admitted to (Brown). The choosing spoken of by Christ is the election to the apostolic office. This passage must be strangely wrested from its proper meaning to make it teach election to salvation, as Ryle and some Latin fathers hold. Calvin, Chrysostom and Cyril infer only "that special election by which Christ sets apart His disciples to the office of preaching the Gospel."

Ordained you—appointed you. Chrysostom says, "planted you," but this does not accord with the idea of "branches," which goes before, and is not well sustained. "Ordained" is not a good translation. It is well said that "we may regard the whole matter as the farewell discourses of Christ as a pre-celebration of the Pentecostal festival."

Castello elegantly renders it, "I have assigned you your place," maintaining the allegory of the vine. I have put you into the ministry (1 Tim. i, 12), put you into commission. "He crowned their heads with honor, made them ambassadors of His kingdom, and the prime ministers in the administration of it" (Matthew Henry).

That your fruit should remain. The Apostles were to go forth, under Christ's commission, and work for results; they were to plant Churches, and bring men into them, and be themselves part of the foundations of the Church universal, so that all generations of Christians may look back, and say, we are "built upon the foundation of apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone."

Every Christian worker needs to press his labor towards results, work for fruit. There is no more enduring garner for the fruits of Christ than the imperishable souls of men. Put truth after truth into the hearts of children. Some of it will "remain."

Whatsoever ye shall ask, etc. Ask for the gift of tongues, ye shall receive it; for power to cure the sick, ye shall be physicians without medicine; for courage under persecution, and no imperial threats shall disturb you. Go to the Father, in the name of His Son, and "all things are yours."

The bringing forth of fruit and the obtaining answer to prayer are co-ordinate with each other; but the bearing fruit to God's glory is the greater of these, being the result and aim of the other (Alford).

If the world hate you. Jesus had been talking of love, had commanded it, and shown its fruits. He now recognizes another realm, in which this primal law of His own kingdom has no place—the world. Meyer notices the solemnity of "world" (kosmos), the repeated five times in the next verse. The word undoubtedly means, in this connection, sinful, disbelieving, worldly-minded men.

It hated Me before it hated you. Christ is our great forerunner. In temptation, in cross-bearing, in trials and persecutions, in sorrows and acquaintance with grief, Jesus is before us.

If ye were of the world, etc. It may be a good sign if some men have no sympathy with us, and even hate us. Fellowship with sinners is dangerous when it leads to fellowship with their sins. Christ was a "friend to sinners," but always rebuked their wickedness.

"We unto you when all men shall speak well of you" (Luke vi, 26).

Therefore the world hateth you. I have set you apart. You have a work to do among men, where passion, turbulence, and bitter strife are making men antagonists of the truth. Your business is to set up My standard against sin. "I came not to send peace, but a sword" (Matt. x, 34). I give you no invulnerable cloak, to protect you from the world's hatred, for I have said, sell even the last comfortable "garment," that might hide your apostleship, for a "sword," whose glitter for the truth's sake shall draw to your hearts the arrows of persecution.

ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS.

From the Notes.

Berean Lesson Series, October 21.

1 What is meant by Christ's joy?

2 How does the authority of Jesus appear in this lesson?

3 What is the last offering that love can make?

4 Why is obedience inseparably connected with friendship for Christ?

5 What are some of the characteristics of a true friend?

6 What kind of Christian work will bring the most enduring results?

7 Why do we pray in the name of Christ?

8 How is it possible to be in the world, and at the same time, as Christians, "out of the world"?

WHISPER-GALLERY ECHOES.

TO A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER:—

You say you are troubled in your class about the question of "modern miracles," and ask my opinion. How can I in these short utterances unfold so large a subject? Unargued and unexplained opinions only can be given on that subject in this my line.

Caution becomes us here, where the Scriptures do not speak with a plain and absolute assertion. Certain truths, however, are undisputed. If miracles were ever possible they are now, in the absence of any declaration that they should never occur any more. Our Christianity is as supernatural now as eighteen hundred years since, and has the same authority. The Scriptures do not plainly assert when miracles did cease, or should cease; nor have we any Scripture authority that human beings have been, or ever should be employed to work miracles since the apostles; nor even then, and before, except in some given cases, and for special purposes, wholly in the hands of God, Moses, the prophets, and the apostles, when called to a new, strange and undemonstrated work, were empowered to work miracles in confirmation of their divine authority. This is all we know of God's employment, before or since then, of such miracle-working-power by men. God has wrought miracles, or put forth action independent of, and in defiance of natural laws, whenever He has pleased so to do. The flood, the overthrow of the cities of the plains, Jerusalem, and the unnatural death of Ananias and Sapphira, are examples of His work, which possibly, in less obvious ways, may be still going on. But since the Gospel, which is never to be superseded, is established by standing miracles of eighteen hundred years, humanly wrought miracles seem to be no further needed, and evidently have not since been used.

Yet, to assert that God cannot step aside from His ordinary methods of working, if He pleases, and at any time set aside His own laws of nature, as He did of old, either with or without prayer, is to assail the very foundations of Christianity. What means the blessed Scripture promise that "the prayer of faith shall save the sick," only that when the will of God is such He will heal the prayer of faith to recover the sick? If it should be said, such sick would under natural laws recover, then it follows that the prayer of faith does not save them. But for man to assume that he has power, by prayer or laying on of hands, to do this miraculous work, is as destitute of Scripture warrant and good usage as it is full of ignorant presumption. God has not revealed to mortals what His will is, only in a few things which concern our spiritual salvation; and He is an unpregled and absolute Sovereign in all things else.

The obvious conclusion then is, that it is now God's method, and has been since the apostles, not to use humanly wrought miracles to satisfy a skeptical multitude; yet He can at any time depart from His ordinary method, as He did to save Daniel, the Hebrew worthies, or a single apostle, when His common and established method was to suffer the good to die for their religion. Has He changed? or is His arm shortened? It is God's established way to allow sinners to use their free agency in sinning till death; yet in some cases He has violently arrested and destroyed them for their sins before a natural death. We shall not be carried away with honest mistake, or the false pretensions in lying wonders; but when we talk of what God can, or cannot do, even in these last days, we shall speak with bated breath!

The Family.

PERFECTED.

BY J. M. L.

Their golden threads the days have spun,
While morn and eve have told the time;
Earth lies beneath the setting sun,
Perfected to its mellow prime.

These sheaves are witnesses divine,
Transfigured in the light serene;
The hills, like walls celestial, shine
Through mists that veil their glorious sheen.

The rivers roll in burnished tide;
Their glad bosoms whisper low;
Beyond our mortal ken they glide,
Where peaceful oceans ebb and flow.

How all these finite glories pale
Beside some lives our eyes behold!
Grand lives, who journey down the vale
With steps that glow like beaten gold!

His pilgrim staff just laid aside,
One passes from our yearning sight;
By living streams his feet abide,
Where martyrs walk in robes of white.

To waiting clouds this sinking sun
Throws back the splendor of its fires;
Along the east its smile hath run,
And breaks the sadness night inspires.

So watch we, through a mist of tears,
For him whose deeds alone remain,
To shine along the weary years
That ne'er will bring his like again.

Now slowly fades the tender light;
With steep the strange mysteries begun,
We touch the hem of vestments white,
As down night's golden space we run.

Westfield, Mass.

In Memoriam—James Fowler.

HOW JOHNNY WAS BROUGHT INTO SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

The principal incident actually happened.

We were all seated round the fire-side, one long winter's eve, when little eight-year-old Edward asked his "Uncle Edgar" to tell "us children a nice story."

"Well, dears, what shall I tell you about? A wild bear story? or such a story as you read in your Sunday-school books?"

"Oh, if you please, Uncle," said young Miss Minnie, seated right by his knee, "tell us a Sunday-school story. The other night you said you had a real nice story to tell us, some time, about how you got a little boy to come to Sunday-school when you were superintending."

"By the way," observed Uncle, "I believe I did tell you I would relate to you that story; and, putting another stick of wood on the fire, and telling them all to be still as mice, he began:—

"Well, when I was superintendent of Gale's Hall Sunday-school, about two years ago, I succeeded in bringing into our school a great many little boys and girls who happened to be roaming about the streets on Sunday mornings."

"One bright, sun-shiny Sabbath morn, as I was on my way to Sabbath-school, I stopped and heard what proved to be a boy's voice, hallooing, 'here's your morning paper—Daily Herald.' I knew, right off, he was a newsboy."

"Our town, which was just beginning to be called a city, had one daily paper. Four or five newsboys were hired to carry the papers to the subscribers' houses. Each had a certain district, or route, but this boy, who I could now see coming up the street towards me, was evidently not one of these newsboys, for they are not allowed to sell papers, only to deliver them. This boy, as he stopped at a little white house on the corner, cried, 'only two cents a copy!' but the gentleman refused to buy one on Sunday, and so the little fellow came toward me with a laugh, thinking maybe I would buy one."

"No," said I, "not on the Sabbath." I then asked him if he did not know it was wrong to sell papers, or anything else, on Sunday, to which he replied he supposed it was, but he said he had to support his mother."

I then inquired why he took Sunday on week-days—why he didn't sell them on week-days. And he replied, "You see, on other days folks go to town, and they can buy 'em down there cheaper; but on Sundays folks don't go to town, and I can make piles of money selling 'em to 'em."

"I again told him it was all wrong, and he became deeply convinced of the fact, and promised he wouldn't sell any more."

"But," said he, "what am I going to do to help my mother?"

"Well, if you'll not sell any more papers, and come along with me to Sunday-school, I will give you a place in my store. He seemed to be overglad at my proposition, and, looking into his carrying bag, he exclaimed,

"Hello! I've got three more papers left. What shall I do with them?"

"I took them, and told him I would pay him for them to-morrow. Off we put for the Sabbath-school, and arrived just five minutes late; but the time had not been wasted, for I had brought one more scholar in."

"Johnny Ware (for that was his name) seemed greatly pleased with the school, and when the basket was passed around to take up the children's missionary collection Johnny walked up to me and said he was going to put his money in the collection."

"I asked him if he had any more at home, and he said he had; and his thirty-five cents was given to the heathen. Afterwards he said he intended to give his whole soul and riches to the Lord."

"Well, dears, next morning Johnny Ware was at my store, promptly at seven o'clock. He liked his work, and after he became older supported his

mother very comfortably with his earnings.

"Johnny Ware is now an honest Christian gentleman, loved and respected by all; and the other day, as I was going to church, he and I met on the same spot where, twenty years ago, as he informed me, he came up to me and hallooed in my hearing, 'here's your morning paper—only two cents a copy!'"

S. M. L. W.

BEFORE THE LEAVES FALL.

I wonder if oak and maple,
Willow and elm, and all,
Are stirred at heart by the coming
Of the day their leaves must fall!
Do they think of yellow whirlwind,
Or of the crimson spray,
That shall be when chill November
Bears all the leaves away?

"If die we must," the leaflets
Seem one by one to say,
"We will wear the colors of the earth
Until we pass away;
No eyes shall see us fall;
And before we lay it down,
We'll wear, in the sight of all the earth,
The year's most kingly crown."

So, trees of the stately forest,
And trees by the trodden way,
You are kindling into glory
This soft autumnal day;
And we who gaze remember
That more than all they lost
To hearts and trees together
May come, through ripening frost.
—Rural New Yorker.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY REV. J. E. C. SAWYER.

Nature's most gorgeous spectacle for the whole rolling year is now on exhibition, and admission is free. The show is stupendous in its vastness, as well as its magnificence, extending over many a State and country. It is especially glorious in New England, New York, and certain parts of Pennsylvania. In this Northeastern section of our own country seem to prevail the most complete conditions for the perfect maturing of the leaf. Even within those limits are especially favored localities.

It is the first of October, as we write. Just now we will find the most resplendent colors along the water courses, or by the borders of lakes and ponds. If you would have the panorama unrolled before you, for league after league, you cannot do better than to ride along the banks of the upper Kennebec, or through the Connecticut Valley, or take the cars that wind their way in and out among the hills and mountains between Luzerne and North Creek on the Hudson, or thread your way among the countless islands of Lake George, or take a boat ride from end to end on Lake Champlain. You need not cross the line into Canada. For some reason the tints there are not ordinarily so rich. Perhaps the frosts come too soon. Go, on the other hand, too far south, and the hues are bleached by the mid-day sunshine. Thus far, this autumn, the weather has been highly favorable to the glory of the leaves; it has been cool, and not too dry. The foliage of the woods is dyed in all the colors of sunset.

We have spoken of journeys that may be taken in order to see a long section of nature's wonderfully painted canvas. Happy are they that can take these journeys, and will. They will be paid if they see nothing but the trees, arrayed as they now are in their garments of glory and of beauty. But most of us have a splendid picture spread right before our windows; if not, we can find one by taking a little walk. How gay and stately the procession lining the sides of this very street! Some of the trees are still quite green, save here and there they throw to the breeze a red or golden pennon. With glowing woodbine the gable of our neighbor's house is decorated, to its very apex, and from its brackets long crimson streamers float with the wind. The leaves of the pear-tree are glossy varnished with a rich chocolate color, mingled with yellow.

Come now a mile or two into the country. Stop, and look around you. What a wonderful variety of colors! Look across the stream, and up the hillside. The whortleberry bushes glow red as blood. Among them shines the golden-rod. Various shades of yellow and orange adorn that beach; from mingled tints of gold and green gleam out the silvery trunk and darker branches of the birch; yonder shapely ash was bronze yesterday, and now it is violet and brown. A thousand hues of scarlet, crimson and purple decorate the banners flung out by the maples. Here and there a deep-toned evergreen brightens the magnificent display by the contrast it presents. Walk a little further, and right on the edge of a marsh you may find a tupele, that is in itself a miracle of splendor.

From the flaming bush God spake to Moses; from every flaming bush and tree He speaks to us to-day. Every leaf has its voice. As the autumn winds sigh through the branches, and rustle in the sere grass, very melancholy at first seems the lesson of the fading leaf. In illuminated letters we read, "the fashion of this world passeth away." "We all do fade as a leaf."

Every day takes something from life's reserve forces; every beating pulse we tell leaves but the number less. Gray hairs are here and there upon many of us; the youngest and strongest are on their way to the grave. Some, who are not yet old, will fall with the leaves, as many others have fallen, that we know and loved. All must fall sometime.

But our perception is defective if we hear only tones of sadness in the preaching of the leaf. The leaf is the great worker of the vegetable kingdom, and when its brief life is over it leaves behind it an enduring memorial

in the solid "tree-structure" it has wrought. In every sturdy trunk remains an added ring, as the record of its achievements. So with man. "One generation passeth away, and another cometh; but the earth abideth forever." If faithful in our day and sphere we may leave behind us our enduring memorial of our noble living, grand endeavors or patient endurance. The world is rich to-day with the results of the toils, sacrifices and great thoughts of those whose bodies went to dust long ago. The leaf says, "you may so live that, being dead, you yet shall speak." No labor is lost. Influence is immortal.

The resplendent hues of the fading leaf are not the colors of decay, but of maturity. It is the process of ripening that paints them in all their splendor. By the great gale of September, 1869, the hold of the leaves was loosened from limb and twig, so that they died untimely instead of maturing. Accordingly they withered, and in Eastern New England, where the storm had most severely prevailed, it was only here and there that the glory of the fading leaf was seen in all its brightness and beauty. In like manner a sharp frost, which kills the leaves, robs them of their magnificence. The beauty of the leaf is accordingly the beauty of life in its full consummation, not the hectic of decay. This suggestion of the leaf is certainly an inspiring one—not sad, but satisfying. It is not hard to die when the life has become full orb'd, and character is complete. Live holly, if you would have your life's autumn glorious. "The hoary head is a crown of honor, if it be found in the way of righteousness." When the work of the leaf is done, and its life has shrouded to the full, then it dies, to live no more in its individuality. Tora from the bough by the wind, or plucked by the spirit fingers of the frost, it falls into its grave, with no hope of resurrection.

"No second spring have they in store, But where they fall, forgotten, to abide Is all their portion; and they ask no more." How different with the child of God! His is "the power of an endless life." The most beautiful colors his virtues here put on are but hints of what shall be, in his eternal development, in the serener atmosphere of heaven.

A WOMAN'S ANSWER TO A MAN'S QUESTION.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the Hand above—
A woman's heart, and a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing
As a child might ask for a toy,
Demanding what others have died to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy?

You have written my lesson of duty out;
Man-like have you questioned me,
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul,
Until I stand the question these.

You require your mutton shall always be hot;
Your socks and your shirt be true;
I require your heart to be whole as God's stars,
And pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef;
A seamstress you're wanting for socks and for shirts;
I look for a man and a king—
A king for the beautiful realm called home,

And a man that the Maker, God,
Shall look upon as He did on the first,
And say, "it is very good."

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
From my soft young cheeks one day;
Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves,
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

In your heart an ocean, so strong and deep
I may launch my all on its tide;
A loving woman finds heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,
All things that a man should be;
If you give this all, I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me;

If you can not be this, a laundress and cook
You can hire, with little to pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won that way.

—Selected.

TESTIMONIES AT DR. PALMER'S MEETING, NEW YORK.

"Whatsoever things ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them." In a sweet sense, asking is receiving. The Holy Spirit awakens desires that He may gratify them. If we need the Holy Ghost we may claim the promise, "He shall supply all your needs according to His riches in glory," and we may believe and receive the Holy Ghost.

Jesus prayed for those who should believe on Him, and said, "the glory which Thou gavest Me I have given them, that they may be one, even as We are one—I in them, and Thou in Me." O for such a baptism of this glory that we may be one with Christ, and, having cut loose from the world, devote the remnant of our days to soul-saving. How grand would be the result if all Christians would go to work.

It is time we have done with the face that a few hundred ministers are going to bring the world to Christ. When all go to work we will see victory for Jesus. We want to be filled with the Spirit, and we shall have power with God and man.

A brother, on entering the ministry, had a long creed, with many articles, and was very sensitive about special definitions; but as the years have rolled away one article after another has been dropped, and the creed has been boiled down till it contains only two articles. The first is, "salvation for every sinner;" the second, "salvation from all sin." He has nothing else to preach,

everything revolving around that. Oh for enough moral gunpowder under the Church to blow conventionalities to atoms, and send the Church out after souls. Let us get abreast of the line of duty, and God will give us this world for His Son.

There are tokens on every hand that the blessed Holy Ghost-time has come, and the witnessing time has come, and the fire is kindling. Let us get down in the dust, and let Jesus speak and work through us.

A sanctified soul is a multiplier in the Church of God; and if not a multiplier, we are not sanctified. We need to go down deeper, and wait the endowment of power from on high, which the Lord does put on souls. We must get down in the dust, and give everything to Jesus; and in giving everything we get everything. Some who profess sanctification shrink from this and that, and do not open their lips in prayer or testimony, and are provoked, here and there. Such need to come down and

